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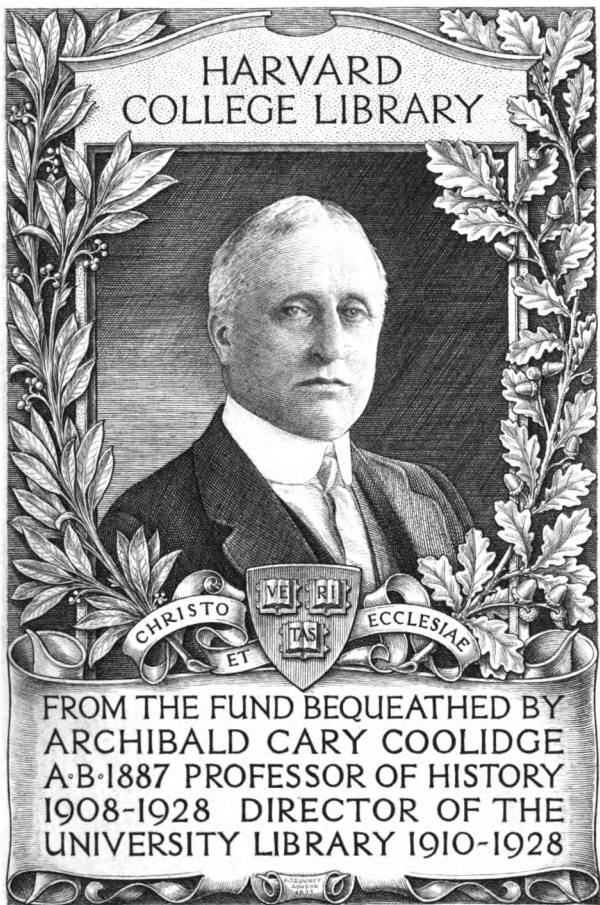
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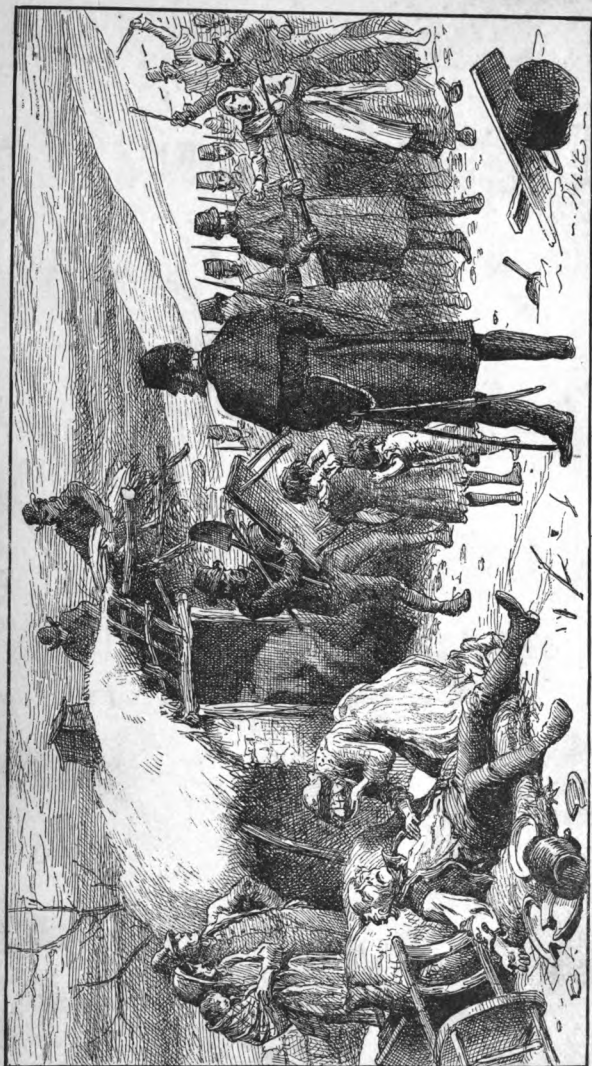
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AN EVICTION IN IRELAND.

MY VISIT TO DISTRESSED IRELAND.

BY

RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J.,

Formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford.

A sea of evils drives its waves of woe,
One falls, but in its place
Upon our country's helm a triple crest
Roars rushing on apace.—ÆSCH. *Sept.* 758—61.

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS:
BENZIGER BROTHERS,
PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE.

1883.

Br 12100.36.50
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PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

IT is a source of great satisfaction to me to have the opportunity of issuing in America itself an American edition of my "Visit to Distressed Ireland." The fairness, impartiality, and keen sense of justice which characterize the citizens of this great Republic, from whatever race and of whatever descent they come, will, I know, secure for the cause of poor Ireland a fair and favorable hearing. Not in vain has poor Erin stretched her hands once and again across the wide Atlantic in her time of need; not in vain has she solicited help for her famine-stricken children, when they cried out for bread and she had none to give them. Not in vain, when her sons were driven forth by the stranger from the homes of their forefathers, did she ask the generous citizens of America to aid the outcasts in finding a new home in the Far West, and in establishing a new Ireland which is growing day by day in numbers and in importance. And in return for their response to her appeal a bond of love and sympathy unites the two nations. Ireland, ever grateful to those who show compassion to her children, has strengthened the American nation by an army

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of powerful men and healthy women. Hundreds and thousands of the flower of the Irish nation have settled in the cities and villages of the United States, bringing with them not only their strong arms and vigorous constitutions, but the faith which is Erin's pride, and the high standard of morality which earns for her children, even in the natural order and in accordance with natural laws, a prolific and healthy offspring.

It is true that many of the immigrants, coming as they did from homes where a cruel serfdom had crushed out their energy and an oppressive legislation destroyed their spirit of enterprise, found themselves at first in an inferior position amid the activity of transatlantic civilization. Many, too, foolishly lingered in the large cities skirting the Atlantic seaboard, some of whom fell into poverty, misery, and degradation. But these were the exceptions, and exceptions, too, the number of which I hope and believe diminishes day by day. The children of Irish settlers who are born in America, while they retain their love for their ancient country and the faith of St. Patrick, gradually shake off the hopelessness and improvidence which unjust laws and unjust taskmasters had engendered in them in their cabins at home. Nay, it takes but a few years to transform the Irish peasant himself, who under the yoke of a cruel landlord or his agent had been trodden down and robbed of all hope and re-

duced to a sort of reckless despondency, into a smart, intelligent, active, enterprising, self-reliant citizen.

Of the dangers which threaten England from the side of New Ireland, I have spoken in the pages of this little book. I pray God that they may be averted. I think they will be averted, for the simple reason that there is at present prevalent among Englishmen a continually increasing desire to do justice to Ireland. Many, like myself, have visited the country themselves, and returned full of love for Erin. In some cases, they have shown themselves *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*. Others again, and especially those connected with the Government or belonging to the political world, have a desire to do justice to Ireland which is not unmixed with a fear of Mr. Parnell and of the solid little phalanx (small now, but destined ere long to double and treble its numbers) who follow him in the English House of Commons.

The great obstacle to the union on fair and equitable terms of England and Ireland is the class of Irish landlords. Founded in injustice; doomed to destruction; opposed to their tenants in religion, in sympathy, in politics, in everything; holding in their own by force, the object of the dislike of the Irish people—they poison the minds of Englishmen by their misrepresentations and denunciation of those whom they oppress. At present they are rendered

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specially violent by the recent Land Act, and adduce the occasional cases of hardship to individual landlords which necessarily occur as if they were a conclusive argument against the Act as a whole. I am, of course, speaking generally, not universally: there are good landlords, men of high principle, and full of justice and charity. But they are few and far between. The good landlord is, I fear,

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.

In fact, I am sorry to say that those who are in other respects good, prudent, charitable and sensible men, are in the matter of landlordism impervious to reason.

I have left the text of the following pages almost identical with that of the English edition. I have not attempted any material change, although there are several passages which I should have modified, if I had visited New York and Boston previously to writing them. I would ask the American reader to remember that these passages were penned before the writer had any personal experience of those great cities. I would also ask him not to forget that the writer is an Englishman, brought up amid all the ideas and prejudices common to the majority of his countrymen. But at least he loves Ireland most heartily; and not Ireland alone, but the Irish race, the faithful children of St. Patrick, who are in God's good providence spread throughout the whole world.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

I AM publishing the following pages by the advice of various persons whose opinions I value, and who have asked me to publish my experiences in Ireland during my recent visit there. I make no pretence to solve the Irish difficulty. I simply desire to contribute my little meed of sympathy to Ireland, and to put before my fellow-countrymen in England as best I can a few facts which may not be familiar to them, and a side of the question which they may hitherto have failed to appreciate.

As an Englishman, knowing the temper of Englishmen, I am convinced that the great mass of them misjudge Ireland simply because they never come into contact with her as she really is.

It is my firm conviction that if Englishmen would themselves visit Ireland, and mix with the people, enter their cottages, hearken to their tale of sorrow and of wrong, judge of them not merely from the colored reports of agents and their employers, but from the unguarded statements of those who have an intimate knowledge of the Irish peasantry; if they would listen to the Catholic Bishops who devote their lives

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to the service of the poor, and not only to the Protestant landowners or the Government employés, I am quite certain that their sense of justice would soon be enlisted in favor of the country which has long been crushed under an iron heel, and still continues to bear the marks imprinted upon it. I am not merely surmising. I am judging from instances not a few. A distinguished ecclesiastic, himself a thorough Englishman, has said that no unprejudiced person can visit Ireland, and see things as they really are, without coming back almost a Nationalist. As far as my own experience goes, facts bear out the truth of his assertion. It is wonderful what a change is wrought in the attitude of an Englishman to Ireland if he has seen anything of the true character and condition of the people. What is more, I find that those who acquire the most devoted affection for Ireland are those who have worked for God in the country itself, who have known the people to the very marrow of their bones, who have seen their weakness as well as their strength, their faults and failings as well as their virtues.

Perhaps we can scarcely expect Irish landlords, injured as they have been by the recent Land Act, to take a very unbiassed view of the situation. At all events they do not do so. In spite of the gentleness (perhaps the too great gentleness) of tone in which I have spoken of them in these pages, I have received several abusive

letters (generally anonymous) from members of the landlord class. Some of them twit me with my presumption in writing on Irish questions after so short a visit, and wonder that I can venture to express an opinion different from their own, when they have spent a great part of their lives there. I should not like to speak disrespectfully of them, but they remind me of one of two parties to a quarrel who have been long at war respecting their several rights. When the case is listened to, and an opinion on it pronounced by an unprejudiced person, the party who finds that the opinion is against himself wonders at the insolence shown by one who has but lately heard the case in presuming to think that he knows more than he himself, who has devoted years to the study of it.

The fact is that they are as a class (often through no fault of their own) in a false position. Many of them are possessors of land which was acquired unjustly in the first instance, which has been administered on the same principles on which it was acquired. For the most part they live in a mist, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, under a cloud which darkens their eyes. Even good landlords share, and we cannot wonder at it, the miseries resulting from the attitude of the Irish nation to landlords as a class. The mass of men cannot draw nice distinctions when popular feeling is roused.

I have tried, in writing these articles, to point

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out what is hopeful, as well as what is hopeless, in the present condition of Ireland. I must confess that I do not view the future (or at all events the immediate future) with much satisfaction. I fear the strife between the two countries must wax warmer before it abates. My hope is that the large concessions which must ere long be granted will be made by England speedily and with good grace, instead of being wrung from her against her will by the increasing strength of Ireland. The policy of coercion cannot last much longer. The next elections will see the Irish party in the House of Commons much larger than it is at present. It will probably be able to turn the scale between the two parties in the House. Not only does Ireland herself grow stronger day by day, but the new Ireland which grows and flourishes in the great Republic of the West, and in our own colonies of Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, is beginning to make its voice heard on this side the Atlantic, and to throw its weight into the scale. The traveller in Ireland at the present time cannot fail to observe the close connection between her and the States. The moral distance between the two countries is considerably less than between England and the Channel Islands: the actual distance seems to diminish year by year. One swift vessel has accomplished the distance within a week, and other rivals press close upon her heels. Scarce an Irish cottage

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but has sent some of its inmates to America, and thus an ever-increasing bond of sympathy and sentiment is uniting the two countries in closer ties.

Whether between England and Ireland a similar union can ever be established ; whether the two countries which God has joined together in local position, though some malignant power has put them asunder in all else, can ever be reconciled ; whether Ireland in the days of prosperity, happiness, and freedom which will one day be hers, will ever regard the sister isle as a friend and not as a foe ; whether England, on her part, will atone for the past not by a retribution that will crush her to the dust in reluctant abasement, but by a generous liberality to ill-treated Ireland—all this time alone can show. The outlook is indeed threatening, big with many a cloud foreboding ill. But at least it is not hopeless, and among the hopeful signs is the growing desire to do justice to Ireland, the increasing sympathy with her wrongs and her misfortunes which I am sure is spreading, in spite of many a prejudice and many an obstacle, among educated Englishmen. It is the object of the following pages to foster this sympathy, to do what I can to enable my fellow-countrymen to appreciate, at least in a few particulars, what Ireland has suffered, and is still suffering, even at the present day.

R. F. CLARKE, S.J.

London, August 30, 1883.

MY VISIT TO DISTRESSED IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

IRISH DESTITUTION.

APPROACH TO IRELAND.—STATEMENT OF HER CASE.—MAYO MY DESTINATION.—THE PARISH PRIEST AND HIS PEOPLE.—F. O'HARA AND BALLAGHADEREEN.—IRISH EMIGRANTS DEPARTING.—A MOURNFUL SCENE.—DESTITUTION AT LOUGHGLIN.—A WIDOW AND HER THREE CHILDREN STARVING.—HARVESTING IN ENGLAND—ITS HARDSHIPS AND MISERIES.—THE LANDLORD OF LOUGHGLIN AND HIS AGENT.—ABSENTEEISM.—THE LANDLORD CASE STATED.—THE OLD IRISH LAWS.—IRISH TRADITIONALISM.—“MASTER CHARLIE.”—STARVING CHILDREN AT CLOONTHEH.

IT was soon after sunrise on a fine spring morning that I sailed into the rippling waters of Kingstown Bay. All round the horizon the blue sky was but chequered with passing clouds—all around, save in front of us, where a thick dark mass of cloud was brooding heavily over the land we were approaching. It was impossible not to see in it a symbol of the condition of poor Erin. A dark cloud—moral, social,

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political—hangs over the Emerald Isle. What is it has gathered the darkness and the distress over the land of St. Patrick's children? Why is it that famine swoops down upon her, not once or twice, but over and over again, in these days when material resources have filled other lands with plenty? How is it that we have the sad story of an almost chronic destitution? How is it that outbreaks of violence and murder, in a country where other crimes are comparatively unknown, make the whole civilized world stand aghast in horror and dismay? How is it that the most Catholic nation in Christendom lives in a constant state of hostility to the power that governs her; and priests and bishops, while they strive to keep their people within the bounds which the law of God prescribes, have nevertheless taken part in the outcry of national discontent? How is it that so warm-hearted, affectionate, devoted a nation regards each boon which England grants her as a spoil won from the enemy: sees in it no claim to her gratitude, but considers it as extorted only by fear and as a ground for fresh and increased demands? Who is it that is to blame for the famine, distress, disaffection—for the murders, the outrages, the secret societies, the revolt against authority? These questions could not but occur to me as I drew

near to Ireland: questions easy to ask, but far more difficult to answer.

I am not going to attempt to answer them in the following pages. I am only going to state facts which cannot be denied: inferences I leave to my readers. If here and there I indicate a solution of some branch of the intricate question which at the present moment is of such intense interest to the whole world—of such absorbing interest to Great Britain and America as well as to Ireland itself—I will do my best to state my opinion as dispassionately and impartially as I can. I ask my Irish readers to remember that I am a loyal Englishman, loving my country. I ask my English readers to remember that I am but stating those things which I have seen and heard. I ask both one and the other to remember that I am no politician, and disclaim any part or lot in matters political. My visit to Ireland was undertaken in order that I might form on the spot, so far as I could, a well balanced opinion of the reality and of the causes of Irish distress and destitution, and might lay before those who are interested in the subject the results I gathered there. With distress and destitution all must sympathize, to whatever nation they belong, whatever their views or politics, whatever their opinion as to the origin of the misery

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that oppresses the famine-stricken districts of Ireland. Here at least is common ground for all, and it is on this common ground that I claim their consideration and forbearance.

It was useless to attempt in the very limited time at my disposal to traverse more than a fractional part of the districts where famine now prevails. A hurried visit to a large expanse of country may enable a visitor to speak as from a wide experience, but practically such a visitor has no sort of insight into the real condition of the people through whose country he has made his rapid passage. He knows little more of them than the ordinary English tourist knows of the habits and customs, the character and the disposition, of the inhabitants of Italy or Syria, when he is conveyed through those countries on some monster excursion by the *employés* of Mr. Cook. For this reason I chose only a small area in a single county. I confined myself almost entirely to Mayo, and to those parts of Mayo where I learned that the land was the poorest, the poverty the greatest, the country most uneasy and unsettled. The best proof that my choice was well directed was that I found myself in the very centre of the district chosen by the Emigration Committee as the scene of their labors, and as furnishing the largest number of those whom dire dis-

tress forced to seek in distant lands those material resources which had failed them in the country of their birth.

In my visits to the huts of the poor I always took care to have the priest of the parish as my guide. Those who know Ireland are aware of the close and intimate relation existing between the parish priest and his people. He is not only their spiritual guide and pastor, but their counsellor in the every day affairs of life, he is their father, their friend, their consoler in trouble, their refuge if they are in distress. They look to him as their natural leader, and it is one of the worst evils that could befall Ireland if the illegal agitator or the agent of the secret societies were to draw the people aside from their loyal allegiance to the priest. The priest knows their circumstances, their history, has often watched them from childhood to youth, and from youth to middle age. He is at every one's beck and call—*servus servorum Dei*. In return, his word is law; he wields an *altum dominium*, a right of universal sovereignty. The poor address him with that curious mixture of familiar banter and submissive reverence that is almost unintelligible to an Englishman. He issues his orders in a tone which might be domineering, were it not that the very tone of command sounds grate-

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fully in their obedient ears. He takes them to task with a severity and boldness of language which they deprecate with half playful self-defence, but rarely, if ever, resent.

No one who visits Ireland has much chance of really arriving at the truth unless he makes friends with the parish priest. The ill-feeling existing between rulers and the ruled makes them dread the visit of a stranger, and while they welcome him with hospitality, they are on their guard against his inquiries, and the replies to his questions will often be most ingenious in their evasiveness. But if the parish priest is there, all fear and suspicion disappears—every detail is given with the most friendly readiness. Misrepresentation has little chance with one who knows their circumstances full well, and the priest has in their eyes a sacredness which is a strong preventive of attempted fraud.

After a couple of days spent in Dublin, of which I need only say that I received everywhere the greatest kindness and hospitality, I started by the morning train from Broad Stone Station for the West. Professor Baldwin, the well-known agriculturist of Dublin, to whose courtesy I owe much of the success of my expedition, had already written a letter on my behalf to Father O'Hara, the parish priest of

Ballaghadereen, a little town lying in the centre of one of the congested districts, who very kindly came to meet me at Castlereagh Station, some twelve miles distant from his home. As we drove along the road we passed a number of groups of men and women returning to their homes from the station. They had been down to escort on the way and bid the last farewells to a batch of emigrants who were on their way to America. Slowly and mournfully they were returning to the hearth whence dire necessity had forced son or daughter to depart. I had not witnessed the parting scene, as the emigrants had left by a train previous to that by which I travelled. But a few days later, at Ballina Station, I had an opportunity of witnessing the sad farewell, and I may perhaps be allowed to break through the story of my visit, and introduce it here. A large crowd, consisting chiefly of the peasant and laboring class, had gathered on the platform, and were collected like a cluster of bees around the carriages which contained the emigrants. It was unlike anything I had ever witnessed. It resembled the scene at an Irish funeral more than anything else. There was the same wailing and moaning of the women, the same silent tears of the men and boys. Sometimes a piercing shriek broke from mother or sister, sometimes

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the low mournful wail resounded familiar to those who have mixed with the Irish poor in times of sorrow and bereavement, sometimes there was heard that clapping of the hands that seems to Englishmen so strange a mark of sorrow. It was with difficulty that the railway porters, exerting a gentle violence, thrust aside the crowd and closed the carriage doors. When the train had started they ran along by its side as far as they could, shouting, crying, sobbing, waving their handkerchiefs, as a last farewell. For miles along the side of the railway, groups had assembled from hut and village and hamlet to greet their acquaintances, and express their friendly sympathy and wish them God-speed on their way. These scenes of parting are now an every-day occurrence in Ireland, none the less sad because so frequent—nay, all the sadder as one gap after another is left in the little circle. To matter-of-fact undemonstrative Englishmen, it is hard to understand the intensity of grief with which they bid adieu to those they love.

But I hope to return hereafter to this subject of emigration. I am now concerned with the misery which is the immediate cause of the emigration. My first acquaintance with a congested district—one too which I believe can rarely be surpassed—was in the parish of

Loughglin, which lies about half-way between Castlerea and Ballaghadereen. The priest of the place, the Rev. John McDermott, kindly guided us through one portion of his wide-spread and thickly-inhabited parish. Poverty in England I had often witnessed, but it was wealth and comfort compared with what I now beheld, not here and there, but in almost every home we visited in the various clusters of huts thickly scattered by the roadside. We enter one of them; it consists of a single room—if room it is to be called. No window is to be seen, no chimney, no fireplace, no furniture. It is a square cavern rather than a room. A few lumps of peat smoulder on the floor, the smoke escaping through the door or forcing its way through the holes in the roof. A decent comely-looking woman gets up from a square box on which she was crouching over the smouldering peat. Tidy she might be called if rags and tidiness are compatible. She brightens at the sight of "Father John," and greets us with the well-bred courtesy of the Irish peasant. "Your Reverences are heartily welcome." A few questions are readily answered. In fact, it is one of the differences between the English and Irish peasant that the latter is pleased with the minutest inquiries into his personal affairs, and, so far from resenting ques-

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tions Englishmen would consider impertinent, looks upon them as a proof of friendly interest, when asked by one in whom he has confidence.

The questions elicit that she is a widow with three children. She has three acres of land, for which she pays £2 10s., the valuation (Griffith's valuation) being £2 3s. Her husband died two years since, and she has struggled on since then, tilling the land herself, hoping for better times. Her neighbors have helped her a little from time to time, but now the universal distress renders such help impossible. She has nothing in the house to feed the children save a few handfuls of Indian meal. Everything has been disposed of to keep sheer hunger from the door, even the potatoes which would have furnished the coming crop. The hens she had hoped would supply her with eggs, which she would barter for meal, had all died some months since. Everything was gone, and God alone was left to help her.

We again looked around the room, and there was no doubt of the reality of her utter destitution. But where is the bed on which she and her little ones sleep? At the question she looks a little confused, and when we repeat it, she points half apologetically to a heap of straw in one corner of the hut—here it is that she and her children have to take their rest. While

the cold north-easter sweeps across the plains, and pierces through the chinks and crannies of the ill-constructed hut, that poor woman has not a rag to shelter her shivering little ones, no bed, no blanket, no coverlet in which they can be safe from the rain and wind and draught as they crouch together on the damp straw, hunger within and cold without, distress behind them and famine before them. It was a piteous spectacle, one to move the hardest heart. If intemperance, or recklessness, or crime had been the cause it would have been sad enough, but the woman was sober, honest, intelligent, respectable, seeking to rear her children in the fear of God. If it had been a single instance we might attribute it to some chance circumstance, some series of untoward accidents. But it was only one among hundreds, among thousands, in the villages and hamlets of Western Ireland.

We enter another house, and there the father of the family is at home. There is the same abject poverty, no cow, no pig, only three or four hens that still survive. He has besides his wife and children an aged crone to support, and has nothing to give her. The money he brought home from England last year is all gone. The potato crop had failed him, and now he had nothing but starvation staring him

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in the face until he gather in the autumn crop. His five acres of land pay a rent of £3 15s., and how he is to pay the rent God only knows. He has five well-grown, intelligent-looking children, but poverty and want are writing their marks upon their childish faces. "The little ones asked for bread, and there was no one to break it to them."*

Wherever we go it is the same sad story. Everywhere the same hopeless destitution, the same hungry looks, the same want of any clothing to cover decently the bodies of the poor children, the same scanty supply of Indian meal as the only article of food from which bone and sinew and muscle and tissue and fibre is to be built up. They all told readily their tale of distress. One or two old crones asked for relief, but in general there was no attempt to beg, though they accepted any trifle given them. Indeed, my experience in Ireland has been that begging was generally a mark that the poverty was not very great. Except in the case of aged and infirm persons I think this was almost universally the case. Fathers and mothers of families, accustomed to rely upon their own exertions for their support, but now brought to the verge of starvation by the fail-

* Thren. iv. 4.

ure of their crops and the bad times, rarely if ever asked for relief. In one village where a family begged piteously, and the young and warm-hearted curate who accompanied me was moved by their apparent distress, we were afterwards informed by the parish priest that those on whom we had bestowed our alms were by no means among the most destitute.

But in Loughglin it seemed that all were destitute. As we go from house to house we find in a large proportion that the man is away in England, and will remain there until the harvest is over. This system prevails to a very large extent in the little towns and villages of Mayo. We are accustomed in England to see a batch of Irish harvest-men, and we pass them by too often without a thought of all that is entailed by their presence in our farms and homesteads. The plan pursued is as follows. In the spring of every year the husband leaves his home and makes his way by rail or steamer from Derry or Belfast or Dublin to England. The railways and steamers issue harvest-men's tickets for a few shillings, and the large numbers they carry make up for the smallness of the fare. The wife and children, meanwhile, remain at home. It is the wife who has to till the plot of land, carry the manure, and

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spread it over the land, dig the potatoes, get in the crop as best she can. The big boys and girls help her, but any boy big enough to work for himself goes with his father to England. During the husband's absence the family subsist on the potatoes still remaining from last year's crop, on the meal they obtain in exchange for the chickens they have reared or the eggs laid by the hens which are found in almost every cottage, on what they can obtain on credit at the shop, or on the charity of neighbors or of the priest. Sometimes the husband sends home some of his earnings from time to time, but as a general rule he saves it up and brings it back with him in the autumn. The average sum brought back is about £9, but in good years it will amount to £12, or even £15. It is on this that he relies for the payment of the rent, the clearing off the debts at the neighboring town or village, and a purchase of necessities for the winter, and of such food as is not supplied from the little crop of oats and potatoes. On this the whole family subsists during the rest of the year, and their only employment during the winter and early spring is such tillage as is possible, and the care of chickens and pig and cow (if they are so fortunate as to possess any stock). The small size of the holdings does not supply sufficient out-door work to occupy

their time, and unfortunately indoor industries are unknown.

Now I ask my readers to consider for a few moments the results of this miserable system. During nearly half the year husband is separated from wife, father from children. During the months when the heaviest outdoor work has to be done it is the mother who is forced to do it. She has to labor in a way utterly unsuitable to a woman, often a delicate woman, a woman unable to supply herself with more than the minimum necessary for life, perhaps the mother of six or seven children, and sometimes with an infant unweaned at her breast. While the wife is living such a life at home, the husband is toiling from early morn till eve to collect what he can by the labor of his hands, sleeping in barns or in the open air, travelling from county to county to seek for grass to cut or corn to reap. Men call the Irish unthrifty, but I doubt whether you would find many English laborers who would take home unspent what is for them the large sum that they gradually accumulate by their continuous toil. How often they return with the seeds of consumption sown by damp and exposure, and the hacking cough conveys to the poor wife that her husband has gathered the money for quarter day at the expense of

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his life! How often they come back crippled with rheumatism from sleeping on the wet ground or in the draughty barn! Sometimes, too—for the sad truth must be told—they return sadly demoralized. They have been laboring in some county where there was no chapel, no priest for miles away—where their companions have been destitute of all religion and morality, and foul language and brutal indecency has become familiar to those who were nursed to love purity as a priceless jewel. Sometimes the temptation to drink has been too strong for them; sometimes—the poor boys especially—are led astray by evil company and bad example. When they return the harvest is over, and the winter is spent in an enervating idleness, and the absence of healthy employment brings with it a thousand evils.

Yet no one can blame them. Their little patch of land cannot support them. Even in good years and with the help of the money earned in England, they can barely make both ends meet. Their activity, their power of initiative has been crushed out of them. Their conditions of life are so much against them that nothing but superhuman energy can raise them from it. They exhaust the land by unwise crops. Even under the tillage most favorable to improvement it is in many cases so bad

that it would barely repay the labor. They can emigrate, it is true, but where is the money to come from? Whither are they to go? Are they certain of finding a market for their labor elsewhere? At all events, the uncertainty is such as to render it quite unreasonable to expect of them the necessary effort, or the bitter sacrifice of the home and country that they love with an undying and romantic tenderness. So they struggle on in spite of all the miseries of the system.

But even this resource has failed them to a great extent of past years. The bad harvests in England and Scotland have diminished the demand for Irish labor. Where the harvest is good, another cause has produced the same result. The employment of machinery in large farms requires a much smaller number of hands to gather it in, and the money which was formerly paid to the Irish laborers now goes into the pockets of the workmen in the manufactories where the machines are made. All this tends to impoverish them still more. Misery produces depression, and depression discontent, and discontent agitation, and unlawful agitation crime. When the potato crop is good at home and the harvest abroad, the Irish will be found to live peaceably and quietly. But they are always living on the verge of destitution, and in

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a state of unstable equilibrium, if I may be allowed a mathematical metaphor. They resemble a man who has built for himself a house which does well enough in fine weather, but becomes uninhabitable in a heavy storm. A bad season upsets their calculations. There is no margin to compensate for the loss of their crops. Hence the recurring famines and miseries which are a proverb all over the earth, and a dark blot on the history of our times.

But what is it has brought them to this state of misery? How is it that they are living on those barren patches of land insufficient to provide them with the necessities of life? How is it that they were ever driven to the miserable make-shift of harvesting in England for near half the year? Why did they settle in a place where it was impossible to live? As far as I could ascertain, various sources combined to produce the unfortunate result. Some of them were in former times driven out of richer land on the same or some other estate, because the owner desired to have more grazing land or farms on a large scale. They were glad to find shelter where they could, and had in many instances reclaimed by their own labor from utter barrenness the plot they occupied. The agent accepted from them at first a nominal rent, though it was raised as the cultivated land

acquired a greater value. In other cases the evil arose from the mischievous system of subdivision. The land of the father was divided among the sons, or the young married couple received from their several parents a portion of the farms they occupied. The widow could not cultivate the whole of her husband's land, and was glad to sell a portion to a neighbor who had none, for the sake of the ready money which would for a time supply the needs of her children and furnish a little capital for the purchase of stock. Thus the land was divided and subdivided, and subdivided again, and the hunger for its possession was such that each little plot would command its price. The landlord unfortunately found that subdivision, however disastrous in the long run, brought in at all events for a time an increasing income, and instead of exercising his power to prevent the evil, too often sanctioned or encouraged it.

But I must return from my digression, though I fear it is only to enter on another. I left Loughglin with regret, though it was sad enough, God knows, to witness misery that it was impossible to relieve. As we drove along it naturally occurred to me to ask who was the owner of the land on which these scenes of misery occurred? of the cottages unfit for human habitation? I was told that it was

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divided between two wealthy noblemen, both of whom entrusted the management of their property to agents, and simply receive the handsome incomes which accrued from their wide domain. One of them never came near the property at all: the other did little or nothing to improve the state of the cottiers on his estate, who lived in habitual and chronic misery, crowded together in one of the most congested districts in the west of Ireland, and now reduced to the miserable condition that I have described. The landlord who kept wholly aloof from his Irish estate drew from it some £30,000 a year, and spent the money in England, where he habitually resided. He was not regarded as a hard landlord, for the agent he had long employed was a good Catholic and a kind-hearted man, one who had shown during the years of famine a benevolence quite exceptional in that he had never evicted a starving tenant for non-payment of rent, and had exerted himself in many ways on behalf of the tenantry. The rents, too, had not been raised of late years when the tenant improved the land, and though the rental had gone up to the amount of some thousands, it was chiefly by the falling in of leases and was not attributable to any sort of unfair or oppressive conduct towards the tenants. But as for any personal in-

quiry on the part of the landlord into the condition of his tenants, into the misery prevailing on his estates, as for any thought of himself visiting the widows or the orphans in their distress, or of taking any active measures to save his tenantry from starving, unless compelled to do it by the representations of that *rara avis*, his kind-hearted agent—of this I heard nothing. It would have been a wild and romantic dream that a landlord resident in England should condescend to such Quixotic benevolence.

I am now approaching a question on which I know that I cannot speak with sufficient caution—so delicate is the subject, so many-sided, so difficult to treat with dispassionate justice. The landlord question is not only a burning question, but one which seems to kindle every one who handles it with fierce indignation on one side or the other. I must confess that I have heard few men speak of it without some distinct bias. I am not going to express any opinion myself. I shall simply state facts, and leave the reader to draw his conclusions.

Of these facts the most important is, I think, the different idea of the duties entailed by the possession of land prevalent in England and in Ireland. I believe this difference is at the root of a great deal of the miseries in Ireland. A

large proportion of Irish landlords had their land as a grant in the time of James the First, of Cromwell, and of William of Orange. They regarded it and their descendants regard it as an absolute possession. If they charged a fair rent and did not evict their tenants without due notice and a reasonable cause, they consider that their duty began and ended. In times of famine and distress they would regard it as incumbent on their charity not to exact strict justice, and to send to the parish priests a donation where there was great destitution. Outside this, no further responsibility: residence upon the land was not recognized as an obligation. If it was convenient to them, they lived on their estate, if not, in Dublin, London, Paris, wherever they pleased. Many a landlord living in England had an estate in Ireland, and regarded it as a possession as completely and entirely his as a house or houses which he might have bought in London, and of which he received the rent through some London agent. Just as he gave this agent a percentage for collecting it and instructed him to make such repairs as were necessary and to eject the tenant if he did not pay his rent on the appointed day, so he gave the agent on his Irish estate a similar percentage and gave him similar instructions. Just as the owner of a London

property would rarely think of condoning the rent of a tenant because harvests had been bad or American competition had undersold him, or because his customers had not paid their debts, so the owner of the Irish property could see no reason for making corresponding abatements. Just as the owner of a street in London would consider the notion of his being bound to reside himself in or near that street as a preposterous and ridiculous idea, so the owner of the estate in Ireland regarded the idea of any obligation of residence as ridiculous and preposterous. As the owner of London houses would naturally raise the rent of an improving property, independently of the means by which it was improved, so the Irish landlord regarded himself as justified in obtaining what he considered a fair rental, and therefore higher in proportion to the greater value of the land belonging to him. As the tenant of a London house would not consider himself aggrieved if his rent were raised because of improvements he had himself made without any agreement with the landlord, so in the estimation of the Irish landlord, the tenant who had improved his land by his own exertions without any previous agreement, must expect on the improved land to pay an improved rent. If not, some other tenant was prepared to pay the increased

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charge, and on the ordinary principles of supply and demand, the landlord was not only justified but bound in his own interest to accept the highest bid made him. Why should not Ireland be content with the ordinary business-like method of proceeding of which the English tenant did not complain? What was just in England and with reference to English tenants was also just in Ireland and with reference to Irish tenants. If the former were content why not the latter, when both were treated on exactly the same footing?

Such was and such to some extent is the landlords' view. Now let us look at the tenants' side of the question. In the mind of the Irish people, as has been more than once pointed out, there is indelibly rooted an altogether different conception of the tenure of land. The absolute possession of land is an idea altogether foreign to Irish ideas. It is the old notion of "gavelkind" handed on from generation to generation which moulds their conception of the right possessed by the landlord. His is a partial, not an entire possession. It is shared by the tenant. In God's earth both landlord and tenant have a joint ownership. They are co-possessors, and one of them has no right to deprive the other of his share in it. There is a landlord-right and a tenant-right,

each having a money value. For centuries landlords have very naturally been acting on their own ideas of absolute possession, and so they look upon the Land Act, which recognizes the joint-possession theory and is a return to the old Irish custom, as an act of spoliation. The tenants on the other hand look upon it as a restitution of a small part of their ancient rights.

It is this notion of part proprietorship which accounts to a great extent for the indignation of the Irish tenantry when they are evicted. It is not merely that delicate women and tender children have been turned out to perish with cold and hunger, but it is the injustice, as they take it, which is so utterly unjustifiable. It is to them as if one partner in a business were unjustly to deprive the other of the share which was rightly and lawfully his. Nay, it is far worse than this, for it is in their eyes an injustice which robs them of that which is dear to them as the apple of their eye. Their cottage and land is a sacred inheritance; their love for it is deeply rooted in their heart. They cling to it with an intensity of affection which to the matter-of-fact, businesslike Englishman seems a piece of maudlin sentimentality. What seems to an Englishman an assertion of an undoubted right, carried out perhaps on

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some occasions with a little unnecessary harshness, is in the eyes of the Irish tenant a piece of cruelty and injustice, crying to Heaven for vengeance. And, given their premiss, they are perfectly right in their conclusion. If the Irish notion of the fixity of tenure, such as has been handed down to them by an unfading tradition, and such too as is now recognized by English law, is more in accordance with the natural law, then they are right. If on the other hand the English custom, based on the feudal system, is the more equitable on principles of natural justice apart from legislation, then the ideas prevalent in Ireland are false and it is an unfortunate necessity which has forced the Legislature to adopt them. On this I express no opinion whatever. I am now merely contrasting English and Irish ideas of the duties of a landlord to his tenants, and showing how the difference explains mutual distrust and animosity.

From this notion of joint proprietorship which underlies the Irish conception of the relation of the landlord to his tenant, there arises another important result. If the tenant improves his land by careful tillage, it is he who ought to enjoy the fruits of his industry. If he reclaims a piece of bog and makes it a fertile field, it belongs to him rather than to the

landlord. The joint proprietorship gives in his mind a right in equity, a claim to a share in the profits, proportionate to the capital (whether of labor or money) that he puts in the business. It is as if one of two partners in some mercantile concern were to increase its profits fourfold by industry and attention to his business, while the other partner took no sort of pains to advance the prosperity of that on which they are both engaged, or rather remained a "sleeping partner." As the working partner would think that he had a claim to whatever value accrued to the business from his own exertions, and that the sleeping partner ought to be satisfied so long as he continued to receive the same percentage of the capital he had invested as before the improvement, so the Irish tenant considered as belonging to himself by the rules of equity all the additional yield which had accrued to the land from his own industry. If anything, the landlord was *his* debtor; for he had transformed the desert waste into a smiling field. Hence, when he found not here and there but almost universally (I am speaking of course of the past) that the landlord rewarded the improvement made in the land, not by conferring any reward on the improving tenant, but by fining him for his labor; when he found that

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he not only did not acknowledge the benefit done to his land, but increased the rent in proportion to the labor and capital spent, and the improved value which resulted from the expenditure, can we wonder if he revolted at what seemed to him so unjust, so unreasonable, so cruel, so opposed to the most elementary rules of justice? He had hitherto paid 10s. an acre for his land, his improvements had made it worth double the money, and he was rewarded for his pains by having his rent raised from 10s. to 20s. or 25s. To take an instance which has I believe been mentioned in public. A poor-man had a piece of land at the foot of a mountain. All above his holding was barren mountain land. He was industrious and intelligent, and finding that his own plot did not occupy all his time, he set to work to reclaim some of the waste land on the slope. After he had brought it into a fine state of cultivation the change came to the landlord's ears. For the waste land he had brought under cultivation he had hitherto paid 2s. 6d. an acre. But now under those new conditions it was evidently worth six or eight times that amount, and his rent was raised from 2s. 6d. to £1 an acre on the portion of land he had himself reclaimed. He could not afford to pay the increased sum, and had to

resign his land, and fall back on his original holding. But there was more land still higher up the mountain slope unreclaimed, and again he set to work at his self-imposed task. This time he had a tacit understanding that he was to keep the benefits of his own labor, and an assurance from the agent that he should be left undisturbed on payment of the original rent. Three years more labor, and the new piece was rendered fertile and productive. But the landlord refused to recognize the agreement, and once more the rent was raised, and the poor tenant, unable to pay it, had again to withdraw. A third time he set to work, and now on the security of a promise from the landlord himself. When the work was done he would surely be left to enjoy the fruits of his labor. But meanwhile the landlord died, and his successor declined to be bound by a promise which did not exist in writing, and in the end the results of all the tenant's industry was a pauper's death in the workhouse.

This story is a typical one of many like it. Such cases and others far worse used to be not unfrequent in Ireland. At first sight we are inclined to believe that no landlord would be guilty of such injustice, but we must remember that many of the landlords never came near their estates, and most of them, even if

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they resided in Ireland during a portion of the year, yet were utterly and entirely ignorant of the wishes, hopes, and characters of their tenants. A landlord in London or elsewhere heard from his agent that Pat Sullivan's land, for which he was paying £4 10s., was worth £8 10s. on account of the improvements made upon it, and that an offer had been made by another tenant of £8 10s. for it. The landlord, living at a distance, local or moral, from poor Pat Sullivan's holding, very naturally wrote back to the agent, that if the land was worth £8 10s., why Mr. Sullivan must pay it or make way for the higher bidder. There was an end of the matter as far as he was concerned. With his English ideas of land tenure he was not, could not be inflicting any hardship on the evicted tenant. So out poor Pat was turned, from the homestead endeared to him by a thousand ties, the homestead he considered as his own. Out he went with wife and little ones, cursing the unjust tyrant (as it seemed to him) who had robbed him and turned him out of his own—cursing the law which sanctioned such injustice and afforded no redress—cursing the Government under which such laws were made and enforced.

This very common case leads me on, as of necessity, to the question of absenteeism. I

have already stated what they call the ideas prevailing on the subject in England, and in the dominant class in Ireland. I now turn to the Irish ideas on the subject. To the Irish mind the landlord is the lawful or unlawful successor of the old head of the clan or sept. On him, therefore, there devolves all the duties which appertained to the chieftain of former days. The chieftain of old was the father of his people, their leader in war, their ruler in time of peace. He, or his Brehon representing him,* was the arbiter of their disputes, the ad-

* The Brehons were hereditary judges attached to the provincial kings or chieftains. They heard causes on the summit or slope of the hills where the provincial assemblies were held. The Brehon law was universally observed in Ireland up to the year 1172, when Henry the Second made an attempt to enforce the English law throughout Ireland. The abolition of the Brehon law seems to have had little or no effect. Statute after statute was passed, abolishing it, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William of Orange, but it lived on in the hearts of the people. The chief difference between Brehon and English law was the far greater leniency of the former. In this respect it embodied the various changes which an advanced civilization has made in the English law. Sir John Davies, Attorney General of Ireland under James the First, attributes to this leniency the evils then prevalent in Ireland. The Brehon laws, he tells us, punished even the greatest offences with a fine, whereas "by the just and honorable laws of England and all other well-governed kingdoms and commonweals, murder, manslaughter, robbery, and theft were punished with death."

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juster of their rival claims. He wielded among them an almost absolute power. If want assailed them, he was bound to feed them. If they were oppressed by the petty chieftains he it was who had to redress their wrongs. They had no written law, or a very scanty one. His word was law. As the priest in matters spiritual, so in matters temporal the chieftain reigned supreme. It was his personal influence which swayed their lives. He was elected by them, and to them the elect of the people was the elect of God. Their warm hearts clung to him with loyal affection. Such was the old tradition, and such the only attitude possible in the Irish mind towards their territorial chieftain. The very notion of an absentee chieftain would have been a contradiction. Perhaps a raid on to some neighbor's land might for a time leave his people without their leader, but disputes were postponed for settlement and quarrels patched up until his return. But if he had settled elsewhere he would *ipso facto* have ceased to be the head of the clan.

When the old chieftains were driven out or slain, and their possessions handed over to Cromwell's Ironsides, or the soldiers or courtiers of the Revolution period, the tenants on the land were in the position of those whose law-

ful king had been succeeded by an usurper. Their attitude was from the first one of deep, bitter, determined hostility. The English settlers were a garrison in a hostile country—race, religion, habits, character, utterly and entirely different from and opposed to those of the people among whom they settled. Some of them, by patient kindness and gentleness, won over their tenants, and there are estates in Ireland in which (until very lately) even the Protestant landlord was recognized as a sort of monarch among his tenantry; and they transferred to him at least a portion of the confidence and allegiance that the old chieftain enjoyed from them. Such landlords were, I fear, few and far between. The great majority found their position among their Irish tenantry a painful and, indeed, a dangerous one, and they either went to live elsewhere, leaving an agent in possession, or remained on their estates, but kept aloof from any intercourse with the people around them, living in their house as in a citadel or fort, and appealing from time to time to the English Government for military or police protection. Whichever were the alternative adopted by them, how could they expect from their tenantry that personal loyalty, that devotion of the heart, that mingling of reverential fear and love by which alone

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Ireland and Irishmen can be permanently ruled?

I think these are the three causes which lie at the root of Irish hostility to landlords and landlordism. The landlord regarded himself as the absolute master of the soil, and those who occupy it, therefore, occupy it at his will and pleasure. The tenant is firmly rooted in the idea that the landlord and the tenant are joint proprietors, and that the landlord is guilty of a flagrant injustice if he expels him. Beside this, and as a consequence of it, the landlord considered himself justified in charging on the tenant the full value of the land as it existed *hic et nunc*, whereas the tenant believed that the fruits of his own industry are his by right, and that to raise his rent because he has improved the land is a crying shame and a brutal fraud. From the same source proceeded the landlord's conviction that he was free to reside or not reside upon his estate, just as best suited his own pleasure and convenience. Why should he banish himself and his family to the wilds of Connemara and Donegal, simply because he had a property there? To the mind of the Irish tenantry, on the other hand, an absentee landlord forfeits in the eye of justice, if not of the law, whatever claims he had to the estate of which he receives the revenues. How can

he perform the duties entailed by his position? How can he be the father of his people? How can he rule them as he ought? How can he carry them in his bosom when they are in distress, or see to their necessities in the days of famine and of sickness?

Add to this, and I perhaps ought to have introduced this consideration at an earlier stage, that the majority of Irishmen would not allow to the settler, thrust in by violence in the days of Cromwell or of William of Orange, a Protestant, an alien, and above all an Englishman, any sort of right to the land that he claims as his own, or any power to transmit it to his descendants. They do not recognize any right of prescription to a property gained by wrong and held by violence. Just as they do not acknowledge the British Government as having any right to their allegiance, so the Protestant landlord, the descendant of one of their cruel and brutal persecutors in the days of Cromwell, is in their eyes an usurper whose title is a purely fictitious one. As they would take the first opportunity of ridding themselves of the present system of government from England, so they would take the first opportunity of shaking off the dominion of their alien absentee landlord. Where a landlord has been resident, and has by his friendly kindness and devotion to his tenants

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won their hearts and obtained a hold on their affections, the memory of the unjust foundation of his claims to the property may have faded away; but where the landlord lives elsewhere, or living on the spot has treated his tenants with harshness, the traditional feeling of revolt against the intruder still lives in all its vigor in the hearts of the tenantry. It is hard for us in England to understand the strength of this Irish traditionalism. An Englishman lives in the present, not in the past. If he has suffered some grievous wrong in the person of one of his ancestors, wronged by the ancestor of his present landlord, yet there is no remembrance now remaining of the injury. But the Irishman lives in the past. The present is to him a continuation of the wrongs of the past. He still suffers, not the barbarities of the days of Cromwell or Elizabeth, but a treatment which he regards as identical in kind with that dealt out to his ancestors. Hence what was done to his ancestors was done to him. The old man will tell of the brave soldier, his uncle, it may be, or cousin, who had enlisted in the service of France, and had come over with the French in the ill-fated landing of '98, and was hanged as a rebel by the English, and the listening group will receive the romantic story as if it had almost happened before their very

eyes, and the glistening tears of sympathy for the rebel will mingle with the expression of an undying hatred for those whom they regard as his murderers. The old granny will call the children of the house around her, and show them the spot where, some one hundred years ago or more, her grandfather was murdered by the English troops in cold blood. The tale of wrong will be handed down from generation to generation, and the family gathered round the hearth will have each detail of the story recounted, with all the picturesque reality, as if it happened only yesterday. An incident that happened the other day exactly illustrates this feeling. An English gentleman driving through the West of Ireland inquired of his Irish carman who was the owner of a fine old house which stood at some little distance from the road. "Well, your honor, the gentleman who lives there is named —, but the real owner is Mr. O'Brien who lives down yonder," at the same time pointing to a mud hovel which had been built on the estate. The stranger in surprise made further inquiries. "Why, surely it must belong to the gentleman who occupies it?" "Belong to him!" answered the carman indignantly; "why he was one of Cromwell's drummers."

This intense traditionalism of the Irish; this

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identification of a man with his ancestors is the key to much that seems to the English mind utterly unreasonable. I have heard it called vindictiveness; but this is not true, for the Irish are equally strong in their traditional loyalty as in their traditional hate. It is in their blood; it is the mainspring of their ancient customs; the key to their history. It is one of the many almost insuperable barriers which divide England from Ireland. To ignore it is simple folly; to decry it as a vice is one-sided and unfair. It has its good and its bad side. If on the one hand it perpetuates the hatred of the past, on the other it is the natural means which God in His mercy has employed to maintain unimpaired the faith of the children of St. Patrick.

But I cannot leave this subject without saying a word more about absenteeism. The joint proprietorship in the soil, and the consequent rights to fixity of tenure, and to the recognition of tenants' improvements as belonging to themselves, are now recognized by the English law. It is a law which certainly bears hard on many of the landlords. Many Irish estates are heavily mortgaged, often so heavily that the margin left for the present landlord is a very small one; and this margin has been cut down in part or altogether by the reduction of rents

consequent on the Land Act. I am not surprised when I hear them call it a measure of spoliation. For them, and with their notions of property, *it is* spoliation; it is a deliberately depriving them of that which has been theirs for generations, and which they regarded as absolutely their own. One of its unfortunate consequences is that it bears most hardly on the resident landlord, since they are the least wealthy members of the class, and can least afford to have their income reduced.

To the absentee landlords it may indeed cause some little inconvenience, but to many of the residents it will be a serious matter, and some will be almost beggared by it. Take, for instance, the case of a man whose gross rental is £2000 a year, and whose estate is encumbered to the extent of three-fourths of its value. The diminution which will ensue on the remaining £500 will be such as in some cases to reduce his income to almost nothing at all. And the worst of it is that absenteeism is not and cannot be touched by any Land Act. To compel a landlord to reside upon his own estate is impossible, and in many cases would be very undesirable in the interests of the tenants. A man whose ideas of the duties involved in the possession of property are such that he considers himself under no obligation to make per-

sonal inquiry into the welfare of his tenants ; who takes no sort of interest in them, such as would prompt him to dwell at least for a portion of the year among them ; who, in the days when gaunt hunger stalks through their midst, when their little ones cry out for bread and there is no one to break it to them, lives undisturbed and with a tranquil conscience in another land, enjoying the good things bought with the money which these tenants pay into his coffers,—such an one is perhaps better away. If he were there he might bring a curse instead of a blessing. He would only entail a fresh expense upon his estate by the police escort necessary to defend him, or the English soldiers who would be quartered in his vicinity. Sometimes the absentee landlord is better esteemed than he deserves, because his agent happens to be a kind-hearted and just man. The landlord to whom I have already referred was spoken of as a “good landlord,” partly, I think, *comparative loquendo*, in comparison with some of the other landlords of the West, partly because his agent was a good, kind-hearted, and upright man. If “Master Charlie,” the agent, exercised an almost absolute dominion over the peasants of his lord’s domain, yet he exercised it with a real desire to promote their welfare to the best of his ability. If his frown drove

terror into the poor tenant's heart, and banished sleep from his eyes until "Master Charlie" was propitiated, yet there was always some reason for his frown. If he was positive and high-handed, it was necessary and even desirable for so great a man to speak without hesitation and to lay down the law as became the dignity of his position. He was in fact the lord of countless serfs, and he ruled them with forbearance and kindness. Whatever cause there was for complaint was the result of the system rather than of the individual, of absenteeism, of the traditional disregard of the tenants' interests and the tenants' rights, of the English view of property and its responsibilities.

While I am on the subject of absenteeism, I must describe another scene illustrative of its effects that I witnessed a day or two later, and with which I must conclude my present article. I was driving along the road from Ballaghadeen to a village called Cloontheh. On a bog which skirted the road the peat had in one place been cut away to a depth of some eight or ten feet, in such a way as to form two walls at right angles to each other. The rapid slope of the ground had made it easy to do so, and one of those muddy clearances had been formed which most of my readers will have seen in Ireland or in Scotland. In the corner where

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the two peat walls met there was a sort of rise in the ground—a hovel it could scarcely be called, and certainly not a hut. The turf had been piled up into something resembling walls, and the whole was covered with some earth on which the green grass was growing. Surely this could not be a place of human habitation! Yet there was a sort of door, and smoke was issuing from it. So my companion and I alighted, and we entered with difficulty in by the hole which served as an entrance. Through the smoke which filled the hovel there little children were visible grouped round the fire—a little girl of about twelve or thirteen, dressed in the usual rags, just decently covered and that was all, a boy of some two or three years younger, and a mere baby. The furniture consisted of a couple of stools, a pile of potatoes in the corner, and a heap of rags called by courtesy a bed. The little girl was intelligent, and ready, as usual, to respond to the friendly inquiries. Her father was in England, her mother was “setting” potatoes. She herself “went out hiring,” *i.e.*, helped some neighbors to set potatoes and carry the manure in return for a little meal. This was why she did not go to school. The food of the family consisted of the customary mixture of Indian meal and water, dignified by the name of

“stirabout.” Flour and water for breakfast, flour and water for dinner, flour and water for supper! Her mother had formerly had some hens, but they had all died last winter, save one old hen, perched in a hole in the roof in solitary grandeur, and looking down upon us with a sort of mournful dignity, as became the sole survivor of an ancient and ill-fated race.

The sight of these poor children was a piteous one to look upon. What hope of healthy men and women when from day to day and week to week they had nothing whatever but a scanty supply of Indian meal and water? no milk, no potatoes, no oatmeal. The sad story was told uncomplainedly and with no idea of eliciting any help, just as if it were a matter of course and nothing to be surprised at. I turned away with a sick heart at the thought of mother and children doomed to famish on, as I suppose they are famishing on still, on their unhealthy diet. For though Indian meal is wholesome and fairly nutritive, yet when unmixed with other food it is quite insufficient to support life, and the infallible result, as time goes on, is that diarrhoea and sickness make their appearance, and fever finds the emaciated body an easy prey to its attacks. On that bare heath, living in a hovel, which in England no sanitary inspector would allow for a single day

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to be a human habitation, far from all charitable aid, from medical help in time of sickness, starved and half-naked, alone, and with none to say a kind word, save the priest as from time to time he rides by on some errand of mercy, this hovel and its inmates was but one out of a thousand more which are thickly scattered over famine-stricken Mayo.

I inquired of my companion whether the sanitary inspector had no control over them, and would not condemn as unfit for human habitation such a hovel as this. The answer I received was that the inspector was the nominee of the landlords, and therefore slow to interfere, and besides in a wide district where half the houses were not much better than this, his task would be a thankless and an endless one. But the landlord himself? He was a man who lived comfortably in the South of England, far removed from sights so unpleasant, from stories so inconvenient. But the agent? It was no business of his to interfere. If the people paid their rent regularly and did not complain, was it for him to suggest that his employer used them hardly? So they are left to grow up—if they are so happy as to escape the famine and the fever—to grow up and to bear, as so many from day to day are bearing, to the Great Republic of the West, those mem-

ories of childhood which exert such an influence over our lives, and which alone will fashion in all their intensity the love and the hate which the Irishman all over the world bears to the friends and the foes of his country. What sentiments can we expect these children, if they see manhood and womanhood, to entertain in after times, if one day, prosperous and wealthy, they listen in America far away to a discussion on the landlord system, and recall with painful vividness the incidents of their childhood and their youth?

CHAPTER II.

THE HOSPITABLE PRIESTS OF BALLAGHADEREEN AND THE GOOD BISHOP OF ACHONRY.—INTERESTING CONVERSATION ON IRISH TOPICS.—THE PRIESTS AND THE LEAGUE.—THE VISIT TO THE "FREE EMIGRANTS" AT SLIGO.—THE GOVERNMENT OUTFIT.—WHY THE IRISH HATE THE WORKHOUSE.—MORALITY OF THE WORKHOUSE.—CAPTAIN ROSS, THE GOVERNMENT COMMISSIONER.—EVICTIONS AT TUBBERCURRY.—A HEARTBREAKING SCENE.—BARBARITY OF A LANDLORD.—WOMEN AND CHILDREN THRUST OUT TO PERISH IN THE DITCH.—ANOTHER BARBAROUS LANDLORD.—INTERVENTION OF THE PRIEST.—THE LANDLORD'S ACTION ILLEGAL.—COMPENSATION FOR HIS BROTHER'S BLOOD.—HIS ALLEGED PERJURY.

IT is not easy, in treating a subject in which national or party feeling runs high, to discuss it with an unprejudiced judgment and a dispassionate accuracy of statement. In burning questions it is not easy to keep cool. It is not easy to keep one's eyes open with equal vigilance and discrimination to the faults on both sides, and to the excuses which may be urged in alleviation of these faults. In dealing with the state of Ireland this difficulty is continually present to my mind. I find that most men have their judgment warped by facts which present only one side of the case. Some cow-

ardly outrage or cruel act of oppression, some personal wrong, inflicted by tyrannizing landlord or ungrateful tenantry, makes their blood boil, and at once they lose their power of appreciating the general bearings of the question as a whole. Their intelligence becomes like a compass in the presence of iron, and begins to go all wrong.

It is for this reason that I must repeat the appeal I have already made to the forbearance of my readers. My object in these pages is to narrate, so far as I can, with accuracy and unbiassed judgment, what I saw and heard. To the best of my ability I sifted the value of the statements made to me. I do not make myself responsible for each and all of them except where I adopt them as my own. I do but recount what I saw and heard, as I saw and heard it. I am endeavoring to state facts rather than my own deductions from them. If I seem to narrate coldly scenes of injustice or cruelty, it is because I wish facts to speak for themselves, without any attempt on my part to dress them up in tawdry rhetoric; if, on the other hand, I do not declaim against outrage and lawlessness, it is because I am simply narrating those things which I myself witnessed, and happily did not encounter either one or the other during my visit to Ireland.

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The visit to Loughglin, of which I spoke in my first chapter, had detained me so long that it was nearly six o'clock before we reached Bal-laghadereen, and sat down at Father O'Hara's hospitable table in the Presbytery. The Bishop of Achonry, Dr. MacCormack, honored us with his presence at dinner, and I soon found myself quite at home with the good Bishop and his priests. I do not know when I have enjoyed a more useful or interesting discussion than on that evening, and the following, when the Bishop entertained us at his own house. The clergy present were, for the most part, strong in their sympathy with the people. But they had none of that unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice that I occasionally met with elsewhere. They were men of remarkable intelligence and acuteness, and were ready to support their every statement and opinion by fact and argument. I made it my business to put forward, as well as I could, the English view of Irish politics as held by fair-minded and educated Englishmen, in order that I might enter into and appreciate the opposite side of the question. My host and his fellow priests were anxious that their English visitor should have an opportunity of learning the depth of Irish sentiment, and of understanding the cause of Irish discontent. Sometimes we

waxed into a friendly warmth, and the discussion became animated, and the good Bishop, who acted as moderator, had to be appealed to. He invariably stated his opinion with a calm impartiality which carried conviction, and with the persuasiveness of one whose words came from a heart loving his people, and from a judgment mellowed by long experience.

I took no notes of the conversation, and will not attempt to reproduce it. My object was rather to retain a general impression than to gather up distinct statements. But I remember one argument which specially struck me. It was urged in advocacy of the Irish as opposed to the English view of land tenure. The thesis I maintained was that by the natural law land improved or reclaimed belonged to the landowner, and not to the tenant, and that the latter could not make any claim for even the most extensive improvements if a previous contract had not been made. The view of my entertainers, on the other hand, was that if no compensation were made by the landlord, the tenant had a right in natural justice at least to consider land as his own property which he had reclaimed from being waste by the labor of his own hands. If to the painter, they argued, belongs the picture painted on another man's canvas, to the tenant belongs the fruitful field

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produced on the barren ground of another. When I urged in reply that the painter adds to the property of his neighbor the skillful painting which the canvas merely serves to support, whereas in reclaimed ground the tenant merely transforms the materials already existing there, I was met with the fact that the tenant who reclaims bog-land has to carry with his own hands the gravel and the earth necessary to form the soil which must be placed upon the bog, and the manure which is necessary for the produce of a crop, so that the parallel in this respect also holds good, and the claim of the tenant corresponds to that of the artist.

I adduce this argument not so much for its intrinsic value or for its bearing on the question I have already entered upon, as because it was one instance out of many of the acuteness and intelligence with which they supported their position. Rarely have I learned more from any friendly discussion than I did from the Bishop of Achonry and the Administrator and the curates of Ballaghaderreen.

One point which interested me much was the general state of religion throughout the country. Had the agitation shaken the submission of the people to ecclesiastical authority? How was it that the priests had taken part in it, when they knew that there was al-

ways a danger of its overstepping the bounds of justice? Did they not put themselves in a false position by this meddling in political questions, and so run the risk of doing harm to religion by their interference? I can only record the opinions of those best qualified to judge. A priest of great weight and long and wide experience, who had just finished a retreat to men in one of the leading churches in Dublin, told me that never had the attendance of men at the churches and at the sacraments been so large as it is at present. At the same time he added his conviction that the unsettled state of the country and the prevalent agitation necessarily had an unfavorable effect on religion in general and on the spirit of submission in particular. In Mayo I was assured that the intelligence of the people very clearly distinguished between submission to the temporal and to the spiritual power, and while they had no love for the authority of the former, and scarcely acknowledged its claim to their allegiance, they were not a whit the less loyal to the latter. As far as I could judge, the opinions of men, whether priests or laymen, respecting the state of religion depended, to a great extent, on their political sympathies. The enemy of the National League took the darkest view of the effects of agitation on religion. Its

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friend declared that religion had received no harm from it. Here in Ballaghadereen (though I am not quoting the opinion of any one individual) the clergy seemed to be convinced that the faith of the people had in no way been seriously affected by the wave of political excitement that swept over the land.

But one impression was almost universally prevalent, that the present is a very critical juncture for Ireland and for the faith of the children of St. Patrick. An ardent Nationalist among the priests of Mayo told me that he thought that the suppression of the Land League was on the whole a benefit to Ireland, for, had it continued, the agitators, who had already gone beyond what the priests could sanction, might have sought to draw the people away from their spiritual guides, and incalculable evil might have been the result. As it was, the mischief, he said, was stopped in time. In answer to my objection that the priest who threw himself into the agitation was to some extent responsible for its excesses, I was assured that even if the spirit of patriotism and of justice had not prompted the union of the priests with their people in the wave of excitement which swept over Ireland, yet that prudence would have forbidden them to stand aloof. The people have the healthy instinct

of looking to the priest as their guide in matters temporal as well as spiritual, of asking his advice, and trusting his judgment in what concerns this life as well as the next. The excitement of feeling was so great, that if the priests had altogether stood aloof and had not, so far as their consciences allowed, joined with the people in their outcry, they would have been in danger of forfeiting this invaluable influence, and would have been regarded as out of sympathy with their oppressed flock. Apart from this, most of them—and especially the younger generation—took a very strong view as to the cruelty and oppression of the existing system, and considered the protest against it reasonable and desirable. Hence it was practically impossible for them to abstain from joining, when their union with their people accorded alike with their national sympathies and their sense of pastoral responsibility.

Of course such a motive would be valueless if the bounds of justice were overstepped and unlawful measures of redress were proposed for the wrongs of Ireland. There can be no doubt that among the hot-headed young curates there were some who incurred the censure of their ecclesiastical superiors by the warmth of their language and the exaggerated expressions into which they were led by their

patriotic zeal. They occasionally forgot that they were no true friends of Ireland when they fanned in the breasts of the laity a flame which was already burning with red-hot ardor, and when they declaimed in unmeasured terms against the brutality of the Saxon oppressor. But such cases were rare, and in general their influence was exerted in favor of moderation. Irish priests receive at Maynooth a thorough and sound training in practical theology. If they forgot themselves in the excitement of a public meeting, their more sober judgment soon showed them that they had gone too far. When the No-Rent Manifesto appeared they condemned it almost to a man, and that at the peril of their influence. But as long as the law of God and the teaching of the Church were not disobeyed, the combined force of natural sympathy and what appeared ordinary prudence made it, I was assured, most desirable that they should not be guilty of political abstention. In the place of the parish priest the foreign agitator would have been the leader of the people. If the priest had taken no part in a movement which he watched with a vigilant care lest it should go beyond what he as a priest could approve, he would have had to sit apart, mourning over his poor sheep led astray by paid declaimers and unscrupulous

leaders of revolt. In addition to open agitation, secret societies would have sprung up everywhere and sapped the very foundations, not only of civil order, but of religious belief in the hearts of the misguided people.

Such and much more to the same effect were the arguments by which priests and bishops defended the action of the Irish clergy. Some, indeed, kept aloof, but in Mayo they were few and far between, and the general sense of their compeers was against them. They were for the most part elderly men, whose gray hairs were held to excuse them. But of the younger generation, I do not believe that there was one in a hundred who did not throw himself into the movement and did not believe that it was an inevitable step in the progress of Ireland towards happier and healthier days.

The day following my arrival at Ballaghadeereen, I went by an early train to Sligo, whither I had been invited by the kindness of Captain Ross, of Bladensburg, who was acting as one of the Emigration Committee on behalf of the Government. After breakfast and a visit to the beautiful Cathedral, he invited me to come to the workhouse and see the band of emigrants who were being prepared for their departure on the morrow. On arriving there, we found

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a motley group of men, women, and children clustered outside, awaiting their turn for instructions as to the time and place of their departure, and for the reception of the very excellent outfit which the liberality of the Sligo Guardians provided for those who were being sent off. They were all of them "free emigrants," paying nothing themselves. The Government provided for their passage, and the Guardians sent them on to their destination, and added whatever remained for outfit out of the £6 a head which was devoted to the double purpose of clothing them decently and conveying them from the place of landing to their future home in Canada or the States. After a few words with those who were waiting around the door, we entered the "Board Room," where the business of the day was being transacted. The Master of the Workhouse was there and the Matron, and a clerk seated at the table was making a list of the various articles furnished to the emigrants. A large collection of "dry goods" covered the floor, articles of men's attire on one side and women's on the other, and the description and price of each as it was given was written down on a sort of way-bill by the clerk. But the presiding genius of the scene was a Protestant clergyman resident in Sligo, named Heaney. Seated at the table

opposite the clerk, he was giving instructions as to what was to be supplied to each, making a second list corresponding to that of the official clerk, and between times saying kind words to the emigrants. He was, I was informed, one of the Guardians of the Poor, and the work he was doing was done out of pure benevolence. He was evidently a kind-hearted, business-like man, and took an interest in his task. The poor liked him extremely, and paid him the high compliment of addressing him as "Your Reverence" and speaking of him as "Father Heaney." One could not help admiring his devotion to his self-imposed task. From morning till night he was doing for nothing the drudgery of a clerk, and was most patient and forbearing with the tiresome and often quite unreasonable demands of the applicants, listening to their complaints and explaining kindly to them the impossibility of granting some of their requests.

There were two doors to the room, and each family who had been approved by the Guardians and accepted on the part of the Government by the Inspecting Commissioner, was introduced in turn, divided into two groups, father and big boys by one door, mother, girls, and little boys by the other. As each entered, their names, ages, occupations, dwelling-place

(if they had one), and destination across the Atlantic was written down, and to each individual were allotted such articles of clothing as were needed and as the funds at the disposal of the Board allowed of. There was no want of generosity in the distribution, as the reader may gather from the extract, which I subjoin in a note, from the rules laid down by the Lord Lieutenant in relation to the emigration of poor persons under the Arrears of Rent Act.* As

**Outfit.*

IV. The Guardians, in conjunction with the Emigration Committee or one member thereof, shall see that each emigrant has at least the following outfit, subject in the case of a child, to such modification as the Guardians, with the approval of the Emigrant Committee, may direct, viz. :

MALES.	FEMALES.
1 Suit of clothes.	1 Dress.
1 Overcoat.	1 Jacket.
2 Shirts.	2 Woollen petticoats.
2 Pairs of socks.	2 Sets of underclothing.
2 Handkerchiefs.	2 Pairs of Stockings.
1 Muffler.	2 Handkerchiefs.
1 Pair of boots.	1 Shawl.
1 Hat or cap.	1 Pair of boots.
2 Towels.	1 Hat or bonnet.
1 Brush and comb.	2 Towels.
1 Rug or coverlet.	1 Brush and comb.
1 Bag or box.	Sewing and knitting materials.
	1 Rug or coverlet
	1 Bag or box.

far as I observed, these directions were carried out to the letter. The master of the work-house collected into a box or large carpet bag the outfit for the man and boys, while the matron performed the same kind office for the woman and children. The articles of dress had in many instances to be tried on, and the women were thrust through their door into an anteroom and the door closed, while the trying-on process was being conducted. There was something inexpressibly humorous in the sight, when a poor woman whose head had known no covering for years, and whose tattered garments hung scantily around her, came out with a fashionably shaped hat upon her head, a blue serge dress, and an ulster or shawl to protect her from wind or cold, and a pair of new high-heeled boots upon feet which had been accustomed to perfect liberty. It was a transformation scene with a vengeance. In some cases the older women could scarcely be got to take the proffered head-dress. With its gay artificial flower in front, it was too much for their sense of the ridiculous. The articles supplied seemed good and serviceable, though I heard a story of some Irish maiden who was seen hobbling along on the remains of her new boots at one of the ports of departure, with the heel of one of them in her hand, the contract boots,

being made for sale rather than for use, having proved faithless on the very first occasion that they were worn. But serviceable or not, they constituted a family wardrobe which I expect astonished many of the recipients as much as they amused the lookers-on.

The first of the successful applicants for Government Emigration introduced into the Board Room after our arrival there, were a tidy-looking young fellow of about twenty-two or twenty-three, and his wife, who might have been a year or two younger. She was well dressed, and belonging, as far as one could judge by appearances, to the middle rather than to the lower class. The man drove a horse and cart in the town (Sligo), but business had been so bad of late that he could not manage anyhow to support himself and his wife. So he very prudently resolved to try his fortune in America, and as the Government had invited applications for a free passage, he wisely availed himself of the offer.

The next batch was a rather numerous one. A father whose hair was growing grey, a mother a little younger, and big boys and big girls, little boys and little girls, whom I did not succeed in counting. The man belonged to the artisan class; he was a painter and had spent many years in England, where he had got ex-

cellent wages and plenty to do. The woman had contributed to the family store by mangle. But in spite of their success, back they must come to their native land. The man hoped to find work there, the woman brought her mangle back with her and expected that it would be a source of income in Sligo as well as in Staffordshire. I could not at first understand why they returned. There was a certain evasiveness in the woman's answers, but when the officials were out of hearing she confidentially informed me, "It was the drink, your Reverence, that made us leave England," with a significant look across the room to the place where her husband and the big boys were being allotted coats and overcoats, socks and handkerchiefs, towels, and brush and comb. The mangle was set up on their return, but no employment for it was forthcoming. The little store of cash (no very large one, owing to the too attractive English public-house) was soon gone, the mangle was sold; there were many mouths to feed, so they were glad to go. If I remember right, it was this good woman to whom the Government bonnet was specially distasteful. "Do you think I'd be disfiguring my old head with such a trumpery bit of goods as that?" The hat met with a still more scornful rejection. But the Government head-dress

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must be accepted if not worn, and at length the coaxing persuasion of the good matron induced her to receive it.

The family next in order consisted of a middle-aged man and his wife and some four or five children. He was a common laborer—work had failed him—food was not to be had sufficient, and the fever had at length attacked them and forced them into the workhouse. I think one or two of the children had died there, but of this I am not certain. The woman was a sturdy-looking matron of about thirty-five or forty, full of good nature and pleasantry. “Mary” was evidently a favorite with the matron of the workhouse, who had been very kind to her and her little ones when stricken down with the fever, and her warm Irish heart was overflowing with gratitude to the benefactress who had softened the hardships of the poorhouse by the charity she had shown her. “She is a real good woman, your Reverence, though she is a Protestant,” was the willing testimony respecting her. My own observation confirmed the verdict; the genuine kindness, patience, forbearance, and unfailing good temper, of the good matron of the Sligo workhouse deserve to be put on record in these pages.

After watching these three families, I ceased to take mental notes of the applicants, and we

soon after left the Board Room. A serious difficulty had to be arranged. The emigrants were to start very early the next morning, and it was feared that some at least would not be there at the appointed time. It was therefore proposed that the greater part of them should sleep at the workhouse, where accommodation could easily be found. But against this there was a general outcry. Sooner than sleep within those hated walls, many of the emigrants would forfeit their passage money and all the good things that they were to receive as outfit, and give up the idea of emigrating altogether. Anything rather than submit to what they seemed to regard as indelible social disgrace, which would cling to them all the world over. No amount of coaxing would reconcile them to it. To spend their last night in old Ireland in a Government workhouse, and that after they had kept out of it at the cost of any amount of hardship and misery for all these years, would be in their eyes a mean act of treachery to their country. They would never be able to lift up their heads again if they consented to it.

But why should they have such an aversion to the hospitable shelter of the workhouse? Such a question as this would never be asked except by one ignorant of Ireland and Irish

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feeling. To the Irish poor the workhouse is regarded as worse than death. The loathing which they entertain towards it is a fact which it is impossible to ignore, though it is not so easy to explain. To have resort to the workhouse is regarded as an unspeakable ignominy and a disgrace.

I do not pretend to be able to fathom this feeling or to satisfy myself with the reasons adduced for it. I have heard it said that workhouses in Ireland are ruinous to the morals of the girls and boys received in them, but as far as I could learn the accusation is a false one. One priest, who had been chaplain in a large workhouse for two years, assured me that it was not the case. One or two cases I heard of afterwards, but they were exceptional, and generally were the result of girls being received as servants into the house of the Protestant master of the workhouse. The only complaint I heard in this respect is, that since bad characters, as well as honest, respectable people, were to be found in the poorhouse, it was not possible to keep them entirely apart. There were sure to be some young women in large towns who were not outcasts, but yet were not suitable companions for the innocent; and though the utterly depraved were separated off from the rest, it was difficult to define the class.

But beyond this, the poorhouses seem to be free from any gross scandals or any wholesale corruption.

I think that the feeling against the poor-house is chiefly traditional. It is not many years since the treatment of the poor was hard and cruel in the extreme. It is only of late that they have been treated with any sort of kindness and consideration. With a people like the Irish their ill-name is sure to cling to them for centuries after they have ceased to deserve it. This seems to me the chief source of the strong prejudice against them. But even now there is a good deal of harshness. There is that red-tape, impersonal, unsympathizing method of dealing with the inmates which is especially hateful to the warm-hearted and sensitive Irish. It is a necessity of the system, and for this reason the system must be one hateful to the poor of Ireland. Add to this that the workhouse is bound up in their minds with the patronizing ascendancy of English rule. The feelings they bear to the latter attach to every Government institution. Every one hates to receive charity from an enemy. If it is grudging charity, the repugnance is intensified. If it does not deserve the name of charity at all, and is given out of no love, but

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of necessity, then human nature revolts from its acceptance.

Other motives which I have not time to discuss combine to produce the result. The loss of liberty is a serious hardship. The absence of the social intercourse and friendly banter is another grievance to the talkative and sociable Irish. The Protestant ascendancy often proclaims itself in the appointment of Protestant officials, even where the inmates are all Catholics, and this gives the workhouse a bad name. The absolute and enforced idleness makes the Irish workhouse more miserable and demoralizing. The absence of Catholic education for the children renders good Catholic parents most averse to entering with their families. The very poverty of Ireland compels the greatest economy in the poorhouse, and economy means for the inmates the absence of everything except just the minimum necessary to support life. Above all, the fact that to go into the poorhouse renders it necessary to give up for ever the piece of land which to the Irish peasant is a sacred treasure, makes them not only averse to seek refuge there, but hate it with a genuine and heartfelt hatred.

To return to my story. At length a compromise was effected. They were to sleep where they liked, and to assemble at 1 A.M. to prepare

for their departure. The train was to leave about six, and at first sight the margin left for unpunctuality seemed rather a wide one. But I soon learned that there was another difficulty, besides the fear of their being late, which rendered the authorities reluctant to dismiss them for the night, with instructions to be present at the station in time for the emigrant train. It would have been necessary to hand over their outfit to them on the previous day, and it was feared that in some cases a portion of the articles supplied might be considered superfluous, and therefore might have been found to have disappeared before the next morning. The articles having been once handed over to them, would be regarded as the property of the recipients, and a shawl or pair of boots, regarded by the emigrant as an unnecessary and rather cumbrous luxury, might perhaps have been exchanged for the night's lodging, or for some parting hospitality to be offered to a friend. So the outfit was kept back, except where the Catholic chaplain of the workhouse guaranteed the security of the articles entrusted to the emigrants, and the early hour of assembling was for the object of giving full time for the distribution of the various articles.

It certainly was a hardship to get up in the

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middle of the night and loiter about till the hour of departure in the morning. But there was no help for it. Of course there was a good deal of grumbling, and I was amused at watching Captain Ross' benevolent endeavors to pacify the grumblers. At first he took up a very bad line: "Don't you see we have made the law, and you must keep it? it's the rule, and so you must do like the rest and come at the proper time." This roused quite a storm—they would give up their passage, they could not and would not come there in the middle of the night. Why should they not have their outfit now, and go and sleep in peace at Mrs. O'Sullivan's, who had offered them and the children a lodging for nothing? But Captain Ross wisely changed his tone: "Now don't be unreasonable—here are the gentlemen spending all their time for you to get you good clothes, and to send out your children decent and respectable, and then you come and make all this bother in return for what they are doing for you. Now do be reasonable, my good man, and try and give as little trouble as you can." At once the opposition gave way. "So I will, your honor, you needn't be uneasy about me." The angry looks disappeared, the grumbling and discontent were gone, and the grumblers were reconciled by the appeal made to their

better feelings. It was a curious instance of the attitude one constantly encounters towards law on the one hand and personal gratitude and loyalty on the other. It is a subject to which I shall hereafter have occasion to recur, but it would lead me too far away on the present occasion. When the discontented were more or less pacified, we left a scene which had given rise to many questions which, at the time, I felt unable to solve.

Perhaps the reader has already noticed that of the three cases, whose enumeration and outfit I had witnessed in the Board-room of the workhouse, not one was an owner of land. Was it a mere chance that I had stumbled on a batch of artisans? Or was it true, as I had been already informed, that it is not the peasantry starving on their barren plots of land, who are benefited by emigration, but the inhabitants of the towns, laborers and artisans out of work or desirous to better themselves in America?

According to the Government returns, one third of the whole number of emigrants had previously been occupiers of land. I have no doubt that this is the exact proportion, but there is one consideration to be taken into account. Under the category of holders of land are included some of those who have been

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evicted from their holdings for non-payment of rent. Now, evictions have been going on pretty briskly in some localities. Since the passing of the Land Act and the reduction of rents, the landlords have been more severe than they were before. Irritated, and very naturally so, at having their incomes cut down by the Government, many who had not done so before exacted the uttermost farthing, and resolved that if their rent was now diminished they would compensate themselves, as far as they could, by insisting on the payment of the rent on the very day when it was due. This was but right and fair, where the landlord had good reason to know that the tenants were able to pay. The No Rent manifesto exasperated landlords to a degree to which they had never been exasperated previously. They regarded it, as an organized attempt to rob them. Even if it was intended, as its advocates assert, as merely a temporary expedient to force the hand of the Government, as one of those unfortunate necessities unavoidable in time of war, yet in its universal application it was at variance with the laws of natural justice. I do not see how any impartial person can regard it as justifiable, and the tenant who, having a fair and moderate rent to pay, and being able to pay it, still withheld it, was rightly and justly

evicted. We may not rob Peter to pay Paul, much less may we rob Peter in order that Paul may not continue to rob his tenants. But evictions for the refusal to pay what could be paid and ought to be paid were few and far between, for the simple reason that the farmer who saw that his landlord was in earnest always managed somehow or other to find the money. These, however, have not been the only evictions. I myself encountered an instance which had taken place in the district that I visited only a few days before my arrival. It took place in one of the poorest parts of Sligo, between Ballaghaderreen and Swinford, not far from the little town of Tubbercurry. It was no solitary instance, else I would not cite it. It is a part of a wholesale system which has been pursued by a certain class of Irish landlords, resident and non-resident. It has a direct bearing on the important subject of emigration, and for this reason I turn aside for a little to tell the story.

For eviction is a subject intimately connected with emigration. Eviction renders emigration necessary where otherwise it would be perfectly unnecessary. Eviction is one of the chief causes which have depopulated Ireland, and spread the children of St. Patrick over the Continent of America. Eviction often sends

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forth the emigrants with a burning sense of injustice, which burns more fiercely still in the land whither they are bound. Eviction scatters over the world the bitterest enemies to the British empire and to British rule. I will not attempt to picture the scene myself. I prefer to insert the matter-of-fact report of one of the Guardians of the Poor sent by the Board to investigate the condition of the evicted tenants. My readers will see that it is the plain unvarnished statement of one who would naturally take an official view, and whose representation of the needs of the poor would take its color rather from his consciousness of the overburdened poor rate than from any sentimental compassion with those on whose circumstances he is reporting. I insert in full his letter to the Guardians, in spite of its length, because the very sameness of its oft-repeated story gives it its chief value as an evidence of what landlordism means in Tubbercurry. Mr. Devine addresses the Guardians as follows :

TUBBERCURRY, May 5th.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your resolution of Monday last, asking me, as a member of the board, to visit the evicted tenants in the parish of Curry, on the estate of Messrs. Knox, and report thereon, I beg to state that, accompanied by the Very Rev. Thomas Conlon, P.P., and the relieving officers of the district,

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I went there on Wednesday last, and beg to submit the following as an accurate description of how they are at present circumstanced—

MONTIAGH.

Patrick Waters—His family consists of wife and seven children, varying in ages from three to seventeen years. They are trying to live as best they can in an open shed for housing cattle, and are not possessed of any means whatever.

Patrick Brett has three children who get shelter during night from their grandmother, who dwells in a miserable hut scarcely large enough for one occupant.

Pat Cafferty—His family consisting of wife and ten children, dwelt for three nights after eviction in a shed rudely constructed of some sticks and straw, after which he removed to the house of Michael May, which he was about leaving on Wednesday for Cully, Mrs. May having that morning noticed him to leave, giving as her reason for doing so that she was afraid of the bailiff to afford him lodgings any longer.

BUNNACRANAGH.

John Brest has wife and seven children, the eldest child being only fourteen years of age. They live in a wretched hut scarcely fit to accommodate three individuals, and seem to have no means.

BALLINCURRY.

James Durcan (Charles) is at present in England, His wife and children (three in number), the eldest of whom is only six years, are living with children's grandmother, an aged woman whom I found sick and confined to bed.

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John Cardle has wife and five children, all of whom I found grouped round a small fire in a sandpit, quite unprotected.

William Durcan has wife and seven children, five of whom are females, all living beside a ditch, where they have erected a temporary structure as shelter.

James Durcan (John) has wife and four children. Found the children round a fire beside a ditch. Durcan stated that his wife was unwell, and at present staying in the neighborhood.

James Durcan (Edward) is in England. Has wife and six children, who are living in a wretched cabin unfit for human habitation.

Michael Durcan has seven in family; was evicted from land but not from dwelling.

John Gannon has wife and two children; found them in a temporary shed erected beside a ditch.

Bryan Gannon has seven children; evicted from land but not from dwelling.

Michael Frain is at present in England; has wife and four children, who live in a hut erected by a child only nine years old.

James M'Dermott, not evicted from house; held in co. with Frain the land from which they were evicted.

Thomas Kennedy has wife and six children, varying in ages from two to thirteen years; they were collected around a fire beside a ditch without any shelter whatever.

Peter M'Entyre has wife and one child, whom I found at a fire beside a ditch, the wife appearing weak and sick.

Ellen M'Entyre, widow, has three children, the eldest only seven years of age; they are living with a relative.

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Philip Durcan and three sisters, orphans, are living in a miserable shed.

Bridget Durcan, widow, has two children, and at present occupies a neighbor's barn.

Patrick Brennan has wife and seven children; found them living in a rudely constructed shed beside a ditch.

I think it necessary to add that the people, both young and old, in these cases presented a most miserable appearance, and seemed (particularly the children) to be in great want of necessary clothing, and I give it as my opinion that if those poor people are obliged to remain much longer in their present sad state, diseases may arise, from which very serious consequences may issue.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

NICHOLAS H. DEVINE.

On this letter I have one or two remarks to make.

1. The number of the evicted families amount to twenty in all. It cannot therefore be owing to some special offence of which eviction is the punishment. This might be urged if the families evicted were but two or three, but in a group of twenty it is impossible that all can be dishonest or criminal.

2. Let us analyze the composition of the various families evicted. Two of them consist of the widow and the fatherless, one of four orphan children, two or three others of women with their children whose husbands are away

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in England. Several of the women are mentioned as weak and sickly. In all there are some thirteen men, eighteen women, and between ninety and one hundred poor helpless children, all evicted at one fell swoop.

3. Several of the men were away in England working as laborers on English farms in the manner narrated in my first chapter, in order to get together the arrears of rent due to their landlord. I have already spoken of the hardships entailed on them by this system. The fact that these men live away from their homes for nearly half the year, and that they almost invariably bring home sufficient to pay the year's rent, is a proof alike of their thrift and their honest endeavors to satisfy the just demands of the owner of their little hut and plot of land.

4. The two past seasons have been so unproductive as to render it impossible for those who live by agriculture on the produce of the land to pay the ordinary rent. Potatoes have failed them, and oats did not ripen; live stock died away, and even of the poultry an epidemic carried off a large proportion.

5. The beginning of the month of May was bitterly cold. Mayo is one of the bleakest counties in Ireland, and I shall always have a piercing recollection of the bitter north-east

wind which for some two or three weeks continuously swept over the country. If it seemed to freeze to the very bones one who was well housed, well warmed, and well fed, what must have been the cruel sufferings of those delicate women and tender children without food, without clothes, without fire, without a home, and without hope, some without even a shelter by the side of the ditch whither the cruel edict had driven them forth?

6. I was informed while in the neighborhood, and I have since ascertained the truth of the information, that the parish priest, the Very Rev. T. Conlon, mentioned in Mr. Devine's letter, offered a year's rent in every case, in order that the landlord might get the benefit of the Arrears Act, and guaranteed the payment of all costs, but that his offer was refused!

Such are the plain facts. They speak sufficiently for themselves. From their hearths and homes, from the land which they regard as in part their own, from the land which during these two unfruitful seasons has, through no fault of their own, refused to yield its wonted crop, more than one hundred persons—men, women, and children, widows and orphans, tender maidens and sucklings at the breast—are thrust forth by bailiff and con-

stable. Thrust forth to starve in that cold east wind! Thrust forth to die like dogs by the roadside or in the ditch hard by! The scene would move our hearts and rouse our indignation if it had taken place in some African kraal, or in some barbarian village in far off Asia. But these are no barbarians, bred in some distant land amid superstition and ignorance. They are no aliens or foreigners who are left to perish. They are dying uncared for within a few hours' journey of our own wealthy and prosperous homes. They are no heathen or heretics. They are our fellow Christians. They are of the household of faith. They are our brothers and sisters in the faith of Jesus Christ. They are united to us by a tie closer than that of country or blood or any earthly relationship. They have a claim upon us far surpassing the claim of common parentage or common kindred. They are signed with the sign of Him who is the Lover of the poor. They are members of the Communion of Saints. They are children of our common mother, the Church of God. What Catholic, what Christian, what man of ordinary kind feeling, can restrain his tears of compassion when he reads of the scene, the cruel heart-breaking scene—cruel and heart-breaking even when told in the cold unimpassioned language of the

official visitor? Men wax warm in their just indignation at the deliberate murder even of one who has been guilty of a long course of oppression and cruelty, but is no indignation due at the sight of the famished faces of those poor little ones of Jesus Christ pining away of famine and cold by the side of the unsheltered ditch?

Let us look forward for a moment to the time when the men who are absent in England shall return. They carry with them the hard-earned money which is to satisfy the Messrs. Knox on the approaching rent day. Joyfully they approach the little group of cottages, full of hope and courage in the prospect of a happy meeting. But when they draw near, alas! their cottage is empty: naught remains of it but the bare walls. But where are its inmates? Eagerly they go from house to house, but all are deserted. At last they find a neighbor more favored than the rest, left as caretaker of his cottage, who tells them the sad story how for long days and nights the wife and little ones turned out from their home, starved by the side of the hospitable ditch; how perhaps first one and then another of the little children was unable to withstand the want of food and raiment, the piercing cold, the damp and the exposure, and changed that dreary scene for a

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land where they shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, where cold and sickness are unknown. Now when the poor desolate father hears the news, and finds at length all that remains of his little family in the shelter of some hospitable neighbor, when he sees the wife broken down with grief, when he misses, it may be, some of those little faces which he left in smiling health, what wonder if, in the bitterness of his sorrow, the words which rise to his lips are not blessings on Messrs. Knox, and the thoughts in his heart are not thoughts of loyalty and love for landlords and landlordism? And when the survivors of those ninety children grow up to manhood, and in the great Republic of the West some of them rise, perchance, to wealth and influence, can we wonder if we find in their speech and writing the result of the ineffaceable impressions of childhood? Can we wonder if their words teem with an inextinguishable hostility which seems quite unaccountable to us as we sit quietly at home ignorant of its cause, and if they indulge in a wild denunciation which seems to the Englishman, who knows not their antecedents, the mere blustering braggadocio of political fanaticism?

I am writing for those who, at a distance from the scene, cannot realize half its intensity;

who, far from angry or excited feeling, can weigh dispassionately the details of this story, else I would not venture to tell it. But, as a Catholic Priest, as a friend of the poor, as a servant of Jesus Christ, as a lover of the little ones whom he loved so fondly, nay, as one possessed of common humanity and as an unprejudiced friend of justice, I think it my duty to place before my fellow-countrymen a tale of which, even in these days of progress, poor Ireland could furnish many a counterpart.

But, lest it should be thought that I am selecting an exceptional instance, I will add another which came immediately under my own observation. It was in a parish of Mayo which I will not further particularize. I was walking down the street of the little town with the parish priest of the place, when a poor woman accosted him. What was she to do, as the man on whose land she was living had not only ordered her out of her little hut but had dismantled it about her ears—torn down the boarding, broken up the walls, so that nothing but the mere framework now remained? He had begun with her hut, but was going on to similarly dismantle seven other huts, which formed with hers a little group upon his land. The place was some three miles distant, but the good priest, like a true father of the poor,

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promised at once to proceed there and see what could be done. We drove thither accordingly, and found her story true. There was the iron framework of the hut still left, but all else gone, and the expelled family taking shelter for the moment in a neighbor's house. The people were all collected together in a very excited state, and the holder of the land was the natural object of their indignation. The good priest used his powerful influence to calm them, and we gradually extracted the following story. About a year ago, the then landlord of the place, who afterwards met with a violent death in another part of the country, had evicted twenty-five poor families. The Land League, which had not yet been suppressed, was appealed to for aid, and built for them ten substantial wooden huts, where they took refuge.* Seven of these huts were erected on the land of a man whom we will call

* This good priest informed me that the Land League had provided more than one thousand such huts, or furnished barns already existing, in various distressed localities, through twenty-six of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. In his own parish the Land League had erected huts, or purchased "barns" and "outhouses" to supply house-shelter for fifty-two evicted families. Each hut cost from £35 to £60 a piece. The Ladies' Land League paid the rent of the purchased barns, and supported the homeless families up to the close of the year 1882.

Mulligan, whose conditions of tenure were such that the landlord could not, under the new Land Act, interfere with him for doing so. He was to receive a certain compensation for the interference with his land, but beyond this the occupiers had no rent to pay to the Land League who had built the huts. Mulligan was a farmer who had some 25 or 27 acres, and he was glad to shelter his evicted neighbors. For some time they were left in peace, until the successor of the deceased landlord came into the property. When, however, the new-comer heard of the act of compassion during one of his visits to his new inheritance, he sent for Mulligan, and threatened him that if he did not the very next day break up the Land League huts and turn the people out, he would double his rent then and there. The man was ignorant and timid, regarded the landlord as almost omnipotent, and imagined that what his honor threatened to do he certainly could do. He knew that he could not actually expel him from his farm, but of the limits of his power to raise the rent he knew nothing. In fear and trembling accordingly he returned, accompanied by the bailiffs of the landlord, and the work of destruction began. But by the time the first house was broken up, and the poor woman and her children who occupied it driven

out, a most happy interference had taken place. The chief constable of the neighbourhood was a good Catholic and a kind man, and he knew that Mulligan had fortunately outstepped the law. He could not proceed to such violent means without serving a previous notice of ejectment. The constable repaired at once to the place and warned Mulligan and his men to stop their work.

When we arrived on the scene, the parish priest, after a few words with the constable, proceeded to the house of Mulligan. The man was himself sore distressed, torn asunder between his dread of the all-powerful landlord on the one hand and on the other his fear of the constable, of the persons evicted, and his better feelings prompting him not to proceed in so cruel a business. The intervention of his Reverence turned the scale in favor of his better feelings. He was warned of the illegality of his proceedings, and of the certain prosecution which would be instituted if he laid a finger on another house. The landlord could not raise his rent a sixpence, and was only trying to frighten him. Besides this, if he wished to avoid punishment for what he had already done, he was to aid the carpenter whom the priest promised to send at once to repair the dismantled house. It would be a work of two or

three days, and meantime some shelter was to be provided for the inmates. This satisfied all parties. With prudent tact, the good priest pointed out that it was not the fault of the poor farmer, who was afraid that he himself would be turned out by the raising of the rent, in which case they would all have been dispossessed, and having thus calmed their angry feelings he left all parties satisfied, and overflowing with gratitude to their friend and benefactor. "May the Lord bless you, Father X——, and give you the glory of Heaven for your reward!" was the well-deserved benediction which sounded in our ears as we drove off.

In the face of a proceeding like this, what can we expect to be the attitude of the people towards landlords like this oppressor of the poor? His predecessor had evicted twenty-five poor families. He himself last November evicted twenty-six more. They are succored by an organization which sends workmen down, builds them wooden huts on the land of a small farmer in the neighborhood, and thus saves them from starvation or the workhouse.

But it is intolerable forsooth that the dignity of the landlord should be thus insulted. Is the exercise of his power over his poor tenants to be frustrated by the craft of the enemy? If he has decreed that they shall be homeless, who

is this insolent farmer who ventures to interfere with him? Unfortunately, the mischief is done, and he has no direct power to expel his rebellious serfs from the comfortable homes built for them by the Land League. But it is not to be borne that he should sit down under such an insult. He sends for the farmer who has consented to receive them, and threatens him with all the dread consequences which will follow if he perseveres in his insolent compassion. Happily his threats are illegal, his wrath futile, his whole proceeding is through the recent Land Act a mere *brutum fulmen*. But had it not been for the active priest and the vigilance of the pious constable, might would have prevailed over right, and the poor frightened farmer would have completed the work of violence which he had already begun, and the seven or eight families on his field would, in defiance of all law and justice, have shared the fate of the unhappy tenants of Messrs. Knox.

I have carefully abstained from mentioning any names, because I have no wish to attack individuals. But I must not pass over an incident connected with the succession. The previous landlord had two estates, one in Mayo and the other elsewhere. It was on his estate far away that the murder took place. There was reason to believe that it was committed by

an agent of a secret society sent down from Dublin for the purpose. But whether this was the case or not, there was not the faintest reason for supposing that any of the Mayo tenants were implicated in it. They liked their landlord, and showed their sympathy at his funeral. In spite of the harshness of his conduct during the last few years of his life, their warm hearts clung to him because of his kindness in the years gone by. When this new landlord succeeded to his property he applied to the Government for some compensation for himself. I do not know the exact sum at which he estimated his brother's blood. At all events the Lord Lieutenant, after carefully considering the case, ordered that £1,500 should be paid him. This sum was levied on the inhabitants of the district where the murder took place. At first it was proposed to levy a similar sum on the estate in Mayo, and it was only on the vigorous representations made by influential persons that it was remitted.* Since then, the serious charge has been brought against him, and that publicly, of false representation and

* The right to such a levy was tried December last in the courts of Mayo, and was found to rest on no real grounds. The pastor of the parish repudiated the claim in open court, and as witness and defender of his people denied the charge.

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even perjury in the application he made to the Government for compensation. Of this charge I know nothing and say nothing, except that it was made and made publicly, and repeated in the House of Commons in a question asked of the Secretary for Ireland on the subject.

But with this I am not concerned. I am only desirous that my readers should be aware of the scenes which still take place in the West of Ireland. I have been trying to imagine what would happen in England if English landlords were to imitate the conduct of the Messrs. Knox and of the landlord just mentioned. As I try to realize the consequences of such a treatment of tenantry, I find myself encountered by a phrase familiar to students of philosophy, *negatur suppositum*. The very supposition of such a state of things is a ridiculous one. No English landlord could behave like these Irish landlords, in the teeth of public opinion in a free country:

But we will put the impossible case. We will suppose in some village on this side the Irish Channel, similar poverty in the tenants and a landlord like the Messrs. Knox. We will suppose twenty poor families turned out to starve, exposed to the bleak east wind by the roadside, or to take shelter in some hospitable ditch. Such unexampled barbarity would raise quite a

tumult. The local papers in their next issue would be full of it, and in many a leading article the indignation of the public would find expression. The gentry of the neighborhood would hasten to offer to the poor sufferers a shelter and a home. Contributions for their relief would pour in. The obnoxious landlord would be socially "boycotted." The county magistrates at their next meeting would pass a resolution strongly condemning his cruelty. His name would be struck off the list of Justices of the Peace, and he would be lucky if he was not hustled and mobbed on the next market day at the county town, where he would have no troop of soldiers to protect him, no constabulary with loaded rifles following him everywhere. But in Ireland such conduct passes unnoticed—it is too much a matter of every-day occurrence to attract attention. If the newspapers were to express themselves in the terms that such conduct deserves, we should be told that they were "rousing the worst passions of an ignorant peasantry," that their language was seditious and disloyal, that they were seeking to set class against class. If a question were to be asked in the House of Commons as to the truth of these outrages, we should have a protest against questions which imply an imputation on the character of honor-

able men. If one of the poor sufferers in an outburst of passion were so far to forget the teaching of his catechism as to take the law into his own hands, we should have our walls placarded with "Another Irish Outrage," fresh police would be sent for the protection of the landlord's property and person, and the district would have imposed upon it a heavy fine to compensate him for the injury inflicted.

I do not for a moment wish my readers to imagine that instances of conduct such as I have described are general among Irish landlords. On the contrary, very many Irish landlords are good and kind landlords. The ill name attaching to the evil-doers of the class falls most undeservedly upon them. Many of them have been (perhaps through necessity) very hardly used by the recent Land Act. Many of them too have been hardly used by tenants who have taken occasion of a popular movement to withhold from their landlord what was justly due to him. I can well understand such men being indignant at the way in which they have been treated, and living perhaps far from the country which I visited, they may think it unfair to put forward one or two single instances in a way that may seem to prejudice a class. But the point to which I am anxious to direct attention is the unhappy condition of a country where such things can pass

unnoticed and unpunished, even in its remotest districts. What can be the state of public opinion in the ruling class where no social stigma falls on the rich absentee, whose starving tenantry have to subsist on the contributions of foreign benevolence, if they are to subsist at all? where no vials of indignation are poured on the head of one who drives delicate women and poor children, to the number of a hundred and more, to perish of cold and hunger by the wayside? What hope is there of the pacification of the country while a sense of injustice and oppression and wrong is fostered by wholesale evictions, and an affectionate, warm-hearted people are driven to hate those whom a little kindness and sympathy and compassion would easily have taught them to love?

What is to be the remedy to all this? Is it to be for all emigration or wholesale concessions to the tenantry? or a stern administration of justice, until those inclined to rebel have learned to submit to the power that governs them? or is it to be a combination of all these? or is there no remedy at all, so that we have to confess that the problem is an insoluble one, and that the present condition of things must go on till the population of Ireland has practically disappeared, and there remain only a few herds to tend the flocks as they graze over the site of once populous towns and villages?

CHAPTER III.

WHY EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND WAS POPULAR AT SLIGO.—THE CURSE OF PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY.—THE HUNGER AFTER EMIGRATION.—IS EMIGRATION DESIRABLE?—THE PHILANTHROPIST VIEW.—CONTRAST BETWEEN MISERY AT HOME AND PROSPERITY ABROAD.—THE OBJECTION OF THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS TO EMIGRATION.—IT DEPOPULATES THE COUNTRY.—ITS DANGER TO SOULS—IRISHMEN IN ENGLAND.—THE GROWTH OF THE FAITH IN AMERICA.—THE BENEVOLENT GOVERNMENT EXPORTING THE SONS OF THE SOIL.—THE INFLUENCE OF AMERICA ON IRISH EMIGRANTS.—HEALTHY AND UNHEALTHY EMIGRATION.—CONGESTED DISTRICTS.—EMIGRATION NOT THE REMEDY FOR IRELAND.—IRISH FAITH AND ITS FUTURE REWARD.

MY time in Ireland was necessarily a very limited one, and I was obliged to leave Ballaghaderreen almost as soon as I had made acquaintance with it. I said Mass while there at the convent, the good nuns of which not only conduct the poor schools of the place, but have a most varied establishment, in which they teach the young girls of the town to cook, to work, to iron, to sew, and other accomplishments most valuable to them in their career through life. To those who emigrate the possession of this

knowledge ensures a good situation at once ; to the mother of a family such a training in early life contributes much to make her home comfortable and her husband happy. A story told me by one of the Emigration Commissioners illustrates the advantages of these convent arts. At a large town in the west of Ireland he was puzzled by the countless applications he received from young girls to be sent by the Government to Queensland. Why should they one and all set their heart on Queensland? Inquiries into their motives either received the vague reply that they had a friend there or were encountered by blushes and a gentle titting. But one day it happened that a maiden bent on emigration to Queensland was accompanied by an outspoken brother, who in answer to the usual inquiry as to the reason why she was bent on Queensland, rudely volunteered the explanation, "It's because of the big husband she thinks she'll get there, your honor." Subsequent investigation explained the mystery. A year or two before, a girl, trained at the convent in the town, had gone to Queensland, and not long since had written home to the good nuns and to her friends in general, announcing that she had lately married a rich man, and that her *trousseau* had cost £60. Enclosed was a photograph of her in her wedding

dress. Of course the story and the picture went the round of the town, and from that day forward there was a perfect *furore* among the maidens for emigration to Queensland. Poor feminine nature, the same all the world over! All agog with flustered expectation at the thought of a rich husband and a *trousseau* costing £60. But I tell the story because it shows the practical good in the mere material order done by the religious communities of Ireland.

I was taken over the convent at Ballaghaderreen, and was not a little startled when I first entered the large school-room. It might have been a Board School rather than one taught by pious nuns. No crucifix was there, no statue of our Lady—nothing to remind the children of God or of the Saints, nothing save one engraving of Raphael's "Vierge à la Chaise," high up and almost out of sight. I looked surprised, and the priest who accompanied me volunteered at once the explanation. In the Government schools in Ireland, no religious emblems whatever are allowed—nothing but "works of art." It matters not that the children are every one of them Catholics—it matters not even that the teachers are religious men or religious women. In that Catholic land the symbols dear to every Catholic heart are

prohibited, the visible emblems of their holy religion are banished by Protestant ascendancy, unless they would forfeit the Government aid necessary to their support. In every National School that I subsequently visited it was the same thing. The little room crowded with the bright, eager, intelligent faces of Irish boys and Irish girls, longing for knowledge and drinking in, for good or evil, the indelible teaching of those early years—Catholics all of them, but all sign of their being Catholics eliminated by law. On the walls around nothing but “works of art,” maps and machinery, whales and elephants and Canadian geese. But no sweet symbol of the world’s redemption! nothing to remind them of the love of Jesus for little children, or of Mary their Mother watching their innocent childhood! no little altar or statue for their childish hands to deck with flowers, none of the Patron Saints of children smiling down upon them from the walls! The poisonous blight of Protestant ascendancy hovers over poor Ireland. It has failed in its thousand and one attempts to rob her of her faith. But it still does its best to chill the warmth of her children’s early piety, on the poor excuse that religious emblems would offend the tender consciences of Protestant children, if Protestant perchance were there!

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From Ballaghadereen I made my way through Cloontheh to Tubbercurry to Swinford, where I enjoyed the kind hospitality of the good Dean Finn, and thus on by car and rail to Ballina. As I passed through the various towns and villages of Western Ireland, I could not but remark the universal prevalence of what Mr. Sydney Buxton aptly calls the New Exodus. The walls of every little town are placarded with the advertisements of the various lines of steamers, announcing the excellence of their accommodation and the lowness of their rates. The Free Emigration scheme has thousands of applicants of every age and degree: assisted Emigration offers to those who do not fulfil the conditions required by the Government grant, the most advantageous terms of passage, and youths and maidens in every place are looking across the Atlantic as the scene of their future career. A stalwart boy, who showed me the way to the priest's house in a little town not far from Swinford, told me that he had sent in his name to the Board of Guardians, and hoped ere long to be able to sail for America. In cottages more than one I was shown the letter from Chicago or Kentucky, and told that they waited only a further remittance from the daughter who was in "service" or had married in the States, to

send another boy or girl to seek his or her fortune in the West.

This hunger after emigration is one of the most important facts in the present condition of Ireland. It is a fact the importance of which can scarcely be overstated in its bearing on the future of Ireland and the Irish race. It is also a many-sided fact, and the partisans or enemies of emigration ought to look at some other side as well as the one which immediately affects themselves, before they pronounce judgment on its beneficial or injurious results. For emigration may be regarded in its effects either on the temporal or spiritual interests of individuals emigrating, or on the welfare of those that they leave behind them, or on the prosperity of the Empire at large or of Ireland in particular, or on the advance of the cause of true religion throughout the world. These various interests are different one from the other, and often are in collision with each other. For it may be of advantage for a man's success in this world to emigrate, but it may very seriously injure his spiritual welfare. It may be to the interest of England that the Emerald Isle should be thinned of its inhabitants, but not at all to the interest of poor Ireland herself. It may be satisfactory to the landlord to drive across the Atlantic the tenantry on his

estate, while it is most unsatisfactory to the tenants expelled. Emigration again may be a source of danger to individuals, families, or nations, while at the same time it may in general further the spread of Truth and the knowledge of God taken as a whole. To the people of God in ancient times it was a source of serious danger to be carried into captivity in some heathen land. Yet the blessing that they carried with them to the lands where they sojourned was so great a one that the Guardian Angel of Persia prayed God that they might remain there instead of returning to their own country. In the same way the children of the Church, settling in distant regions of Canada or the States, may themselves run a great risk and a certain percentage may go astray, but yet on the whole the general results may be decidedly advantageous to religion. Thus if we find by experience that out of those who emigrate twenty-five per cent. neglect the practice of their religion, whereas at home ninety-five or more remain fervent Catholics, emigration is obviously a spiritual misfortune for the individuals emigrating. If, however, the seventy-five who remain faithful in their distant land are the means of establishing Catholic churches and Catholic schools—if some of them attain to position and wealth and influence, which

they employ in spreading their religion, they may more than counterbalance the loss of the twenty-five per cent. The children who by their means are educated in Catholic instead of in godless schools, the converts that are won by their good example, the churches built by their liberality, may render their emigration a signal service to the Church at large, and compensate in a very short time for the unhappy defaulters. Here the spiritual interests of the individuals emigrating would be directly opposed to the interests of religion generally.

When, therefore, I am asked whether I regard emigration as a thing to be approved or a thing to be condemned, I am not prepared at once to give a categorical answer. I have to draw distinctions. If I had been asked in the early days of Christianity whether I approved of the expulsion of the Christians from Rome by Claudius, regarded not as a matter of justice, but in its probable results, I should answer: Wait a little. Do you mean me to consider the consequences of their expulsion to themselves, or to the city they are quitting, or to the world at large? For themselves it is an evil temporally, but for those of them who are Christians it is probably a spiritual benefit. As regards the city they are leaving, it is a misfortune for the moment, but after a time

Christianity will return and will reign over the place whence it is now banished. To the nations whither they are driven it will be an invaluable benefit, for they will carry with them the religion they profess. To the world at large it will be the chief means of its conversion to the faith of Jesus Christ.

In just the same way I cannot express any opinion with regard to emigration without first warning my readers of the very complex nature of the subject, and the consequent difficulty of arriving at any definite conclusion. Nor can we expect, as we shall see presently, any unanimity of opinion respecting it. A Protestant will regard as a benefit what a Catholic knows is the greatest of all misfortunes—viz., the weakening or loss of faith. An Englishman will regret anything likely to weaken the future power or influence of England, while the majority of Irishmen will rejoice over any misfortune which may befall the power that governs their country. Ordinary men will judge according to the proximate results on individuals or countries, whereas the far-seeing statesman will fix his eye on the distant future, and modify his judgment according as he desires or fears the time when the little cloud on the horizon will cover the sky and deluge the plains beneath. In fact, the more I con-

sider the question the more I appreciate its difficulties. If I venture on an opinion, I necessarily do so as a Catholic Englishman, loving my country, loving and pitying poor Ireland, but above all loving with my whole heart that holy religion compared with whose interests the interests of nations become insignificant and contemptible; or rather I should say, whose interests are identical with the true interests of every nation, since no nation can be truly prosperous or truly great which is not faithful to the Church of God. Spite of wealth unlimited, commerce world-wide, armies the most powerful, fleets which command the seas, a teeming population, distinguished men of genius as her statesmen, colonies in every quarter of the world, every nation which is not Catholic has in her an element of decay and death which must in time work out her ruin. And every nation which is Catholic, and does not in her internal administration and her conduct to subject nations and conquered countries carry out Catholic principles, is equally doomed as a nation to fall from her position into comparative obscurity, just as Spain fell by reason of the un-Christian treatment of the natives of South America by Spanish colonists.

I enter, therefore, on the subject of emigration, the desirability of emigration, the neces-

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sity of emigration, with considerable diffidence and hesitation. I have heard so many people talk confidently about it, and express the most decided opinions, when they were not in possession even of an elementary knowledge of facts, that I almost distrust my own conclusions respecting it. I am not in a position to dogmatize on a matter of so much importance, for although I have neglected no opportunity of gathering information from those whose experience was a wide one and their judgment moderate and fair, yet I still am conscious that I see the truth about emigration only hazily and in the distance. I can give data which may aid a man of intelligence to form his opinion, with more satisfaction to myself than I can lay down a definite opinion as my own. I can also state certain facts for which I can vouch, and which I have had full opportunity of observing.

I find, as a general rule, that the friends of Ireland, those who really wish to promote her happiness and welfare, and who are not mere observers from a distance, well-wishers to her in a vague sort of way, but brought into an intimate contact with the state of the country, are divided in their opinions.

1. The class of philanthropists, the charitable men and women who have come forward nobly

and unselfishly to assist with their time and money the distressed Irish, who have spent weeks and months among them, investigating their needs, relieving their wants, feeding them, clothing them, helping them with generous self-devotion, are almost invariably strong advocates of emigration. They look upon it as the one only means that can be of any permanent utility. Let us hear what their arguments are.

They tell us first of all, and they tell us with good reason, that organized relief bestowed upon the distressed districts is not only a most uncertain and unsatisfactory means of keeping them from starvation and misery, but is a real injury to their true interests, and an incentive to idleness, demoralizing to their national characters, destructive of self-respect ; that it may be a necessity here and there for a time, but it is an unfortunate necessity ; that it is like putting an opiate plaster on a cancer of which the roots only strike more deeply into the system because it receives some temporary relief. They further assure us that the very conditions of existence in the various congested districts are such that any permanent prosperity is impossible. The barren land, which in the best seasons will scarcely support the dwellers on it, must leave them starving whenever there is a lack of rain or sun at the time when moisture

or warmth are needed by the crops. It is but cruel kindness, they tell us, to encourage them to remain on the stony plot of five, or ten, or even twenty acres, which will never afford them even the necessaries of life, and the insufficiency of which becomes every year more fatal to their welfare as children are born and the increasing family makes fresh demands upon the scanty means of the parents. It is, they say, better even to let them learn the hard lesson of privation, if by this means alone they can be forced to seek a land of plenty that generously rewards the tiller, instead of tilling the stony soil at home, which certainly deserves no love from them in its stubborn refusal to recompense its children with even a moderate return for their labor.

They then point to the other side of the Atlantic, and to the waving plains of golden grain, to the ever-increasing demand for labor, to the flourishing colonies of prosperous emigrants, to the families they have themselves assisted by their benevolence, and who write with overflowing gratitude for their changed condition. *There* no children with cheeks pale from hunger. *There* no visits of the famine fever sweeping off whole families. *There* no constitutions with their strength and vigor gone under the miserable pittance of flour and

water which at home was their only food for long weeks and months. *There* no mothers with their sickly infants unable to suck healthy nourishment from the ill-fed breast. *There* no half-naked children herding together for the sake of getting a little warmth into their half-starved bodies—but plenty, prosperity, good wages, good food, stout, rosy urchins, bronzed under the summer sun. Bread and meat, milk and butter within the reach of all. No sickness in their smiling cottages. The very name of want unknown. No longer serfs toiling under a sense of oppression, and hating the rule under which they live, but free citizens of a great Republic in which they bear their part as citizens with all the rest. What prospect could be more halcyon, what change could be happier on earth than this change from poverty to comparative wealth, from want to plenty, from sickness to health, from misery to comfort and joy?

2. On the other hand, the bishops and priests of Ireland are generally, if not universally, enemies of wholesale emigration. At first sight their opposition puzzles the thoughtful Englishman as he wonders what can be the motive of what seems to him their stupid prejudice.

Sometimes he attributes it to selfishness. They fear lest their Easter dues should be di-

minished, lest the departure of a portion of their flocks should lessen the amount in their own well-filled pockets. So spoke in public a great English nobleman, himself an absentee Irish landlord. He brought against the faithful shepherds the charge of thinking not of the interests of their sheep, but of the profit they themselves could squeeze out of their flock. The drone who sucks the honey from the hive, and brings no profit to it, accuses the working bees of being too fond of honey, because, forsooth, they do not like to see their hive emptied of the dwellers in it!

This unworthy charge, as ignorant as it is unworthy, would scarcely be worth mentioning were it not so commonly believed, and so absolutely the reverse of truth. As a matter of fact, the departure of the starving class is a pecuniary benefit rather than a loss to the pastor. What Easter dues is he likely to receive from struggling poverty? What fees can be paid by those who can scarce find food for their hungry little ones? On the contrary, the departure of the destitute frees him from a periodical drain upon his funds. He cannot see his people starve while he has any means of feeding them. They look to him for their every want. They expect him to keep them, to pay their fare to England when they go for

the harvesting, to assist them when crops fail, to feed their children when there is no food for them at home. Clear off the poverty-stricken, and leave the rest in comparative plenty, and the priest would, in many cases, himself be far more comfortably off.

But why is it that they dislike any sort of large emigration?

1. No one who lives in a country likes to see it depopulated. What more mournful sight than ruined houses, empty cottages, towns falling into decay? The traveller through Ireland has to encounter this painful sight. If it is painful to him, how much more to those who dwell there! Not only painful, but a source of a thousand miseries. Trade decays, shopkeepers depart, the country markets are deserted, there is no life, no activity, no demand for the work of the carpenter or the mason or the smith. No one, again, likes to see his flock diminish. Ask the angry colonel who finds that a number of his men have volunteered into another regiment, whether he is pleased to lose them, and the chance is that you will hear him deplore their loss in language not of the gentlest, and yet his own pocket is not affected. He himself will probably have less to do for his pay, but this never enters into his thoughts. Ask again the master of a school

who has a fixed income, whether he likes to see his boys drop off and their numbers diminish, even though it may leave him in learned leisure. So the priest very naturally is jealous over his flock. Add to this that the departure of each is the loss of a personal friend. The link between pastor and people is so close, they are so thoroughly members of one family, that he is pained when they leave their homes, as the father is pained as he sees the sons he loves go into a far country.

2. But there is a far more solid reason than this for his reluctance to see them depart. No one who has travelled over the various Catholic countries of Europe can fail to note the striking difference between Ireland and the rest in their adherence to their faith and the practice of their holy religion, with the exception perhaps of parts of the Tyrol. There is no part, even of Catholic Spain, where devotion to the Church, earnest piety, and the necessary consequence, purity of morals and honesty of life, is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, both of men and women, boys and girls, as in Ireland. It is, I fear, true that in some parts of Ireland their simple, childlike spirit of dependence has suffered from the harangues of the paid agitator, inculcating ideas which the priest is bound to condemn as op-

posed to the laws of justice. But, still worse, their innocence and simplicity has been corrupted by the sensational and sometimes worse than sensational romances which have been largely imported from England since the spread of education and the removal of the paper tax gave so great an impulse to cheap, rubbishy literature. Such literature too often is not only cheap and rubbishy, but immoral and polluting to the mind. Yet in spite of those evil influences, in spite of dangers manifold, St. Patrick still holds the mass of his people true to their faith, pure in their lives, obedient to the Church's laws, loyal in their submission to the authority of their pastors. In most parts of Ireland anything like habitual absence from Mass, or neglect of the sacraments, is practically unknown. To die without the priest is considered as a frightful, almost unheard-of calamity. The loss of maidenly innocence is regarded amongst the poorest as a terrible misfortune and perpetual disgrace. Dishonesty is an unknown vice. "Honest, do you say?" remarked to me an English visitor to Ireland, who was by no means prejudiced in favor of the Irish, "why I could leave my portmanteau in the middle of the street, and no one would touch it!"

But in a far-off land, away from priest and

school and chapel, surrounded by the careless and the indifferent, mixing continually with those who jeer at innocence and mock at virtue, too often the elders forget the lessons of their happy youth, and the children lose the bloom of innocence and the brightness of their faith. The spirit of evil independence gains upon them, and the attractions of the world entice them, or perhaps the lust of gold creeps over them; and though the generation born and bred in the old country never lose their faith, and send far for a priest when the hour of death draws nigh, yet the children grow up wayward, careless, godless, ignorant of their religion. At the American "public schools," or in the streets of the big cities, mind and heart are corrupted, and those who at home would, amid earthly poverty and hardship, have preserved the pearl of great price, the invaluable jewel of the fear of God and the faith of Jesus Christ, barter it away for external prosperity and worldly success. A sorry exchange, indeed! "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" What doth it profit him, to exchange the mud hovel for the palace, if the exchange involves a decay of faith and purity? What doth it profit him to live on the richest viands and to drink the costliest wines,

in place of the Indian meal and water of his childhood, if at the same time he cease to feed on the bread of angels and to drink of the living water of the fountain of the grace of God?

This is the true reason why the clergy as a rule set their faces against emigration, especially Government emigration. But there are a number of different considerations which must not be forgotten.

1. There is emigration and emigration. There is the emigration of individual enterprise, which many sincere well-wishers to Ireland advocate, and the wholesale emigration, which is the special object of the dislike of the clergy, and of the national party generally in Ireland. There is, again, Catholic emigration as distinguished from general or mixed emigration. There is also emigration directed by the watchful care of benevolence, and having for its object the benefit of the emigrants, and emigration which seeks first of all to clear off what is regarded as a surplus population, and ceases to take an interest in them when once they are shipped for the distant home whither they are bound.

Men are prone to forget these differences, and take the sweeping view of the mind untrained to distinctions and careless of detail. Some benevolent Englishwoman has assisted some poor family to emigrate, has taken care

that they were looked after on board ship, has written to secure a friend for them on landing, has chosen a home for them where work was plentiful and labor scarce, has paid their journey thither from the port of disembarkation, and has commended them to the good priest of the village whither they are bound. She is rewarded for her charity by the success of her little enterprise—all goes prosperously, husband, wife, and children innumerable, all grow up strong and turn out well. Henceforward in her eyes emigration is the panacea for all the miseries of Ireland. Tell her that hundreds are starving, and her invariable answer is, "Foolish people, why do they not emigrate?" and she quotes triumphantly her own experiment as a proof of the value of her remedy. But she forgets that it is only one among a hundred who has a friend like herself to guide them and look to their highest interests. A large proportion of the remaining ninety-nine are landed at New York or Boston with a rather vague idea of their destination, perhaps with no idea at all, excepting that friends who are four or five hundred miles up country will be able to run down to the port where they disembark, and welcome them on their arrival.

2. Most of us have read of the benevolent exertions of the Society of Friends and other

Protestants in behalf of the suffering Irish since the years of famine. All praise and honor to them for their generous liberality, for their noble self-sacrifice, for their kindly interest in the poor of Jesus Christ! But we must remember that they cannot be expected to take the same view as a Catholic would do. In their eyes the priceless jewel of faith is but a silly plaything, a childish superstition. They regard it as rather a benefit than the reverse that the stalwart laborer or artisan should be removed from priestly influence. They consider the sacramental system a mischievous delusion or imposture. By planting a family of emigrants where there is neither chapel nor Catholic clergyman, they think they are doing them good service in helping them to escape from a degrading subservience to an authority which keeps them down, that they are furthering the cause of manly self-reliance and independence of character if they aid their clients to settle where the children will be taught to think for themselves instead of to believe what they are taught with unquestioning obedience. Hence they very naturally (and most Englishmen with them) regard the anxiety of the priests about their flock as either not unmixed with selfishness or else a very mistaken form of benevolence.

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3. On the other hand we must remember, in forming our opinion about emigration, that dwellers in Ireland, priests or laymen, are liable to be misled by their own experience. They have seen the fatal results of emigration to England. They know (who, alas! does not know?) the poverty and misery of the poor Irish in the English cities. I dare not enter on this painful, this mournful topic. I have myself seen enough of the Irish quarters of Liverpool and London to be able to bear witness to that saddest of sights—moral decay, physical decay, spiritual decay, running riot on the field where once grew the fairest flowers of virtue. The laws of the Church set at naught, purity held of no account, intemperance, violence, recklessness, crime, coming in to dwell where once dwelt simplicity, obedience, and honesty of heart—till at length even faith fades away, if not in the parents, at least in the unfortunate children. I am alluding to this because I think it has strengthened the dislike of the Irish clergy to emigration.

At the same time we must remember the very considerable change that has taken place in America during the last few years. *Now* it is comparatively of rare occurrence for the emigrant to be far removed from Catholic chapel or Catholic school. In every part of the States

new missions are being started, new churches built, and the landowner will often give a piece of land gratis and build a house and church himself for the priest, whose presence he knows will gather to the spot a number of Catholic settlers. The increase within the last fifty years in the number of bishops, priests, nuns, training colleges, religious houses, charitable associations of all kinds, in the States is simply incredible, and the objection to emigration which held valid half a century ago, that the emigrant and his family were too often removed out of the reach of all Catholic influences, and therefore exposed to the fatal danger of the loss of faith, scarcely holds good at the present time.

But while this evil has thus diminished, there is another which has rather increased of late. If the poorer class of emigrants are far less liable to a fading away of faith because removed to some homestead on the Western prairie, far away from all those holy influences which preserve it, they are far more liable to moral corruption, because exposed in the big cities to all the evil influences destructive to purity and innocence. As of old the pastor at home would beg emigrant members of his flock not to settle in the far West, where priest and chapel were far away, so now he is bound to warn them against settling in the big cities

which fringe the Eastern coast, New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Boston. These are the seat of the chief danger at the present time, especially to young girls, and to common laborers or artisans who come from Ireland with no friends to carry them westward. Not without good reason did the American Government send back some who were a few weeks before the inmates of an Irish workhouse, and had been "exported" by benevolent legislators at home and landed on American soil without any visible means of subsistence. If we wonder at the violence of the language of the Philadelphia Convention, we must remember that they were assembled in one of those Eastern cities which had witnessed the evils of a system of emigration which had tossed upon the shores of America evicted tenants and destitute persons of the lowest class. Such persons have a natural tendency to settle just where they land. They have not the means, the energy, the enterprise to go westward. They congregate in thousands in New York, and I am told by American priests, themselves Irishmen by birth and extraction, that some of those who have fallen the lowest in that great city are the children of parents who in their early days were honest, respectable, God-fearing, obedient children of the Church, until eviction, or the impos-

sibility of earning bread for their families in Ireland, or the benevolence of the English Government, drove them across the Atlantic. The same illusion that makes the poor Irish servant-girl think that the streets of London are paved with gold, and that as soon as she lands she will find wealthy ladies competing for her services as laundry-maid or cook, deceives a far larger class into the idea that there is no American city where there is not a scarcity of labor. They land in New York or Boston, find out their mistake, spend their little hoard, and sink into a life of struggling poverty or degradation or crime. If emigration could be, not to the coast-land of the Atlantic, but to the banks of the Missouri and Mississippi, not to New York and Boston, but to St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas, and Minnesota, half the evils at present existing would disappear.

To these evils no class is so much exposed as Government emigrants, recommended by the Board of Guardians and "passed" by the members of the Emigration Committee. It is so obviously the interest, and I may say the duty, of the Guardians to get rid, at as cheap a rate as possible, of the paupers belonging to their district, of those whom they know are likely to be a burden on the rates. If they find a smart intelligent boy who is sure to push his

way anywhere, they are not over anxious to see him an exile from his country. It is the man who has failed at home, who has some weak point, physical or moral, whom they regard as a fit recipient with his wife and children of the Government grant. I heard a story, when I was in Ireland, of the Board of Guardians coaxing an intending emigrant to remain at home, because he owed some money in the little town (I am not sure whether it was to one of the Guardians themselves or not), and they feared that if once he crossed the Atlantic, there would be no chance of the money being paid.

Every intending emigrant has to pass the Board first of all, and then to satisfy the Government Commissioner. It is impossible for the Government Commissioner to do more than exercise a general supervision. He must necessarily see with the eyes of the local officials. If he interferes to any considerable extent with their arrangements he not only creates a most unpleasant collision, but one which results in confusion and delay and a paralysis of the work for which he is sent. He cannot examine closely into the merits of the various cases which are submitted to him, for the simple reason that he has not the time. All he can do is to prevent any signal abuse, to advise the Guardians in doubtful cases, to say kind, en-

couraging words to the emigrants, to exercise a general direction of the work without attempting to go into details. Now he cannot expect at every Union that matters should be as well managed as at Sligo. It is not every Board of Guardians that contains so benevolent and indefatigable a member as the Rev. Mr. Heaney, commemorated above. It is not every Board that behaves, or indeed that can behave, so generously to the emigrants. Where the rates are heavy and the district poor, the Guardians must cut down the funds borrowed for emigration purposes as low as possible. It is as much as they can do to furnish the emigrant with necessaries, and to give him £1 to help him on his first landing. It is true that the Government require from all who are forwarded to the States some sort of proof that they have already friends there who can answer for them when they arrive at their destination, but this cannot in practice be an effective guarantee. Sometimes a dirty letter, one or two years old, is produced by the candidates for Government emigration, and the poor Commissioner is sadly puzzled to know whether he ought to pass them or detain them unwillingly at home. In a very large number of instances, the friend or relation has moved far away before the emigrant arrives. In America distances count

little, and enterprise and movement is the order of the day. Hence, whatever care the Commissioner may take, he cannot effectually prevent the evil of adding that worse than Irish congestion, congestion in the big cities of America.

I cannot help thinking, and I have some reason for thinking, that these difficulties of their position are vividly present to the members of the Commission themselves. I certainly do not believe that they have a very enthusiastic love of the task entrusted to them. It must be discouraging and painful work to arrange for the sending off of emigrants, some of whom require a great deal of persuasion to induce them to consent, while others are forced to it by the cruel pressure of necessity, and in order to avoid the greater evil of the workhouse by choosing the lesser evil of departing for Canada. It must be a thankless task to send a number of poor people, some of whom may be returned on the hands of the Government or the Workhouse Guardians by the American authorities on the other side. It must be ungrateful labor to be sent on a mission of quasi-benevolence, and to know that it is a work for which the people show no gratitude, even when they are eager to secure the benefits it confers, and that the best friends of the people, the

priests and bishops, view it with no favorable eye. It must, moreover, be a work where the poor Commissioner has often to make the best of a bad job: to see arrangements made by the Guardians which he cannot approve, and does not like to set aside, to see candidates accepted whom he would fain reject, and rejected whom he would fain accept, and to be unable to enforce his own convictions against the prevailing weight of local authority.

Where private benevolence is at work the case is very materially different. Where the sending out of emigrants is undertaken, not as an official task but from a disinterested desire to benefit the individuals emigrating, there will be a careful inquiry into detail, a provision for their temporal and spiritual wants, that will ensure for them advantages which the best of Government Commissioners are unable to give. Bishop Ireland's Colony in the States, and Father Nugent's in Canada, are instances of a method of emigration in which every lover of mankind must rejoice. The work done by Mr. Tuke, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and others in Conemara, aiding the Government in the work of emigration, does honor to those who have devoted themselves to it, and guards with care against most of the evils to which emigrants

are exposed.* Unfortunately I am obliged to say most of the evils rather than all, because the mere fact of their inability to appreciate the advantages of Catholic influences must necessarily mar the usefulness of their work, and lead them to scatter the emigrants over as large an area as possible, rather than to attract them into central villages or small towns, where they would have Catholic priest, Catholic school, and Catholic chapel close at hand.

I have hitherto been speaking of emigration mainly as it affects the emigrants themselves. Let us see what results we have arrived at, or rather what are the inferences which the facts I have stated seem to point. I submit them to my readers, not as Gospel truths, but as the best opinions I can form from the data of which I am in possession.

1. Of the temporal benefit to the average

* Mr. Buxton, in his interesting article entitled, "A New Exodus," in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*, describes in detail the precautions taken by himself and his fellow-workers. Among others, they took special care to keep the emigrants away from the big cities. "Care was taken to prevent the emigrants from settling in the large towns which boast 'Irish quarters,' and in which the influences are bad: such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago. Except under special circumstances, such as a wife and family going to join the husband, &c., I refused to send emigrants to those places" (p. 880).

Irish emigrant, I think there is no doubt whatever, if only he does not settle down in the Irish quarters of New York or Boston, or other big cities. In the Western States, on the boundless prairies, he has better lodging, better food, better clothes, better opportunities of getting on and rising to a position than he has at home.

But these temporal benefits are not merely material. He also derives great advantages from the change in the moral order. I find that the universal testimony of Americans, priests and laymen, is that the Irishman who, in his own country, is reputed, at least by Englishmen, unthrifty, lazy, dependent, living from hand to mouth, becomes in the States, where he has free vent for his energy, and a chance of success if he perseveres, thrifty, industrious, self-reliant, saving, provident. His character altogether changes after breathing for a year or two the air of the Great Republic. Not at first, nor for months, is there any perceptible difference, but after two years, more or less, he becomes another man. What inference can we draw from this, except that it is in Ireland the hopelessness of his lot, and the burden of centuries of servitude, which beats out of the population all the energy and activity proper to their nature. These revive when the unfavorable conditions are removed.

Sow the richest grain on a stony, barren soil, and you get a poor crop; transplant it to a richer soil and more fertile field, and soon it regains its vigor, resumes its force, and becomes what it once was and what it ought to be.

I am not certain that any one, judging simply from those emigrants who return to their own country, would incline to so favorable a verdict of the effect of the States on Irish character. Many who return are paid agitators—a class of men who do not represent very favorably their adopted country—others are those who cannot resist the feeling of homesickness which, after a few years away, comes over them, and who return with a little store of money to Ireland. The store of money is soon gone, and the returned emigrant has to live as best he can. Expensive habits have been learned in America, he has been used to good meat, bread, butter, and tea, and other luxuries unknown to the Irish cottier, and spurns their humble fare of potatoes and Indian meal. He suffers far more from poverty than his untravelled friends at home; he is liable to subside into a discontented grumbler, who sorely tries the patience of his folk.

2. On the other hand, he has not the same religious advantages in the States as at home. Faith and morals are both likely to suffer, in

the large towns by reason of the demoralizing influences around, in the country because of the lack of priest or Catholic chapel. I do not pretend to be able to form any idea of the proportion of Protestants and Freethinkers in America, who are the descendants of Catholic settlers, but I fear they are very numerous at the present time. The proportion of emigrants who cling to their faith is now far larger than formerly. I have seen it stated in a newspaper that eight out of ten are practising Catholics, or at all events die a Catholic death. I hope this calculation may be correct, but I confess I am inclined to think that it takes almost too favorable an estimate of the state of religion even now in America.

At first sight it would seem that these facts would be fatal to emigration, in the eyes of all religious men, looking at it in the best interests of the immigrants, but this is not at all the case. After all, virtue must be tried, and God in His Providence seems to have ordained that men are not always to live under the external conditions apparently most favorable to religion. If the faith and morals of the immigrant are more severely tried, he will have a greater reward if he perseveres. If he falls away it is his own fault, and he has no one but himself to blame.

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Add to this that to attempt to stop altogether the tide of immigration from Ireland, is impossible and absurd. You might as well try to stem the mountain torrent, or to stop the approach of summer when spring draws to its close. I have noticed, and others notice too, how all the world tends westward. Big cities in Europe are all spreading westward. London is spreading westward. Brighton is spreading westward. Paris is spreading westward. Vienna is spreading westward. Perhaps it is to avoid the biting east wind. In the same way Europe, or at all events the healthiest portion of it, is spreading westward. England, Ireland, Germany, are all joined in the westward movement. For good or evil it is an accomplished fact that the army must march on its way, and though the condition of Ireland itself must affect considerably the number who leave its shores, yet under the most favorable circumstances the tide which flows westward, the stream of those who seek their fortunes across the Atlantic, must be very considerable. It belongs to the wisdom of philanthropists to direct it rather than to attempt the impossible task of preventing it: so to direct affairs at home that it shall be a natural, healthy emigration, rather than a forced, unnatural, and mischevious deportation to a

foreign shore of those who ought, under normal circumstances, to live in happiness and prosperity at home.

And this leads me to a very important distinction, to which I have already alluded, and which is of the greatest importance to bear in mind before we form our opinion respecting the advantages and disadvantages of emigration.

In a prosperous, and at the same time, thickly populated country, where the laws of God and man, in the natural order, are fairly observed, the rapid increase of the number of the inhabitants makes it necessary that from time to time some of them should leave their homes to pursue their fortunes elsewhere, where there is more room for their energy and enterprise, more work to be done and fewer hands to do it, where the earth has more plentiful harvests to be gathered in, and where the laborers are needed for the work. I do not deny that population may be multiplied to an almost unlimited extent in a healthy and energetic community, but, as a general rule the growth is more rapid than the means to provide for the additional consumers. Industries grow more slowly than population, and it is therefore necessary that there should be a stream, flowing without cease, in the direction of "young" countries, where nature herself pro-

vides industries ready made on the boundless prairie, or amid virgin forests, or on sheep farms, or tea plantation, or bullock range. As from a healthy well-fed hive swarms go forth from time to time, so from a healthy well-fed land there is a continual overflow, consisting neither of the richest nor poorest, neither of the highest or lowest in intelligence, industry, or moral force, but of the medium population who have not ability and enterprise enough to command a market wherever they are, but at the same time have enough to push their fortunes where their rivals are not so numerous and so powerful. Such is the emigration from Germany and from England. It is the natural healthy emigration which the legislator rejoices in, and the patriot is glad to see, and respecting which his only anxiety is lest it should not be directed to the best field open to it.

2. But there is another kind of emigration which is unhealthy and unnatural, and deserves the name of exile rather than of emigration. It is the result, not of nature's laws, but of man's ill-doing. It may take place from a thinly populated country quite as much as from one thickly populated. It will be found in lands where might has prevailed over right, where the existing social or moral or political conditions have produced an unnatural and

violent condition of things, where vicious legislation has reduced the country to beggary, where industry has been crushed out by prohibitive taxation, or where absentee landlords have drained the country of the wealth necessary to well-being. It will be found where natural justice is violated, where the poor are oppressed, where the spirit of disaffection is abroad, where the governing power is regarded as an enemy rather than as a friend. The immediate conditions which produce it may be quite inevitable. They may be a bad season and a consequent failure of crops, war, pestilence, or famine. But calamities like these in a well-organized community have no very serious or permanent ill consequences. It is only when some sinister influence has long depressed the land and hindered progress and healthy development of its resources that they possess more than a very transient power to harm. A country where the political condition is even moderately sound is able to throw them off as a sound constitution throws off catarrh or rheumatism or fever. Thus the apparently crushing calamity of the Franco-German war and the enormous war indemnity had little effect on prosperous France.

Now a great proportion of the emigration

from Ireland is of this latter character. It is exile, deportation, banishment, rather than colonization in the true sense of the word. A landlord ruthlessly sweeps the tenants off his estate, that he may turn it into grazing land. A neighboring landowner, whose land is comparatively valueless, allows them, either from charity or from love of gain, to settle on his property. At first they set to work with energy, reclaim waste land and bog land, and after a few years have a little farm which yields them enough, and more than enough, to live on in comfort with their wives and families. But a new landlord comes in or a new agent, and learns that one of them, say Terence O'Brien, is paying only a rent of some £3 for the fifteen acres that he occupies. The land, so says the agent, is worth £1 an acre. True, it was all reclaimed by poor Terry with the sweat of his brow from the moorland around. But that is a matter of the past. The land is now valuable and productive, and worth a great deal more than Terry pays for it. So little by little the rent is raised till the poor tenant finds that if he has to pay the rent he must go harvesting in England; and even then, if the season is bad, he falls into arrears. His children grow up around him, and one and another of his boys marries and settles on a

portion of the fifteen acres. There is plenty of waste land around, which their strong young arms can reclaim ; and besides, the main source of their income is the wages earned in England during the summer. But their energy in reclaiming the land is soon crushed out by finding that they will have to pay for their labor in the shape of a higher rent. So they struggle on somehow, till at length a bad season and ill luck in England brings them all to starvation point. They cannot pay their rent ; they cannot find bread for themselves or their children. The alternative is the workhouse or emigration. So they are glad to accept the Government offer, and are accordingly exported to Canada or the States.

This is a story which has happened full often, and admits of countless variations. Now the change in the law has rendered it happily impossible, but its consequences will linger on for centuries. Sometimes the wrong-doing which banished them from their country is not nearly as remote as the action of their landlord, who, many years before, drove them from their early home, and of their second landlord, who, before the Land Bill passed, raised at his pleasure the rent for tenants' improvements. There are a thousand other ways in which the poor Irish may now be forced to emigration. The absen-

tee writes to his agent, that now that rents are lowered he must be very stringent in expelling defaulters, and out goes a batch of poor settlers, with wives and children, like the hundred and ten victims of the Messrs. Knox. The commercial industry crushed out by England in times past, gives no means of employment for the growing boys and girls, and they must perforce seek it elsewhere.

It is not easy to draw the line in all cases between healthy and unhealthy emigration. Emigration may be healthy in respect of a particular district, but unhealthy in relation to the whole country. It may relieve a congested spot, and those who visit that spot may loudly proclaim its necessity, but the congestion may be, and in Ireland generally is, the result of untoward circumstances, which have gathered into a heap what ought to be scattered over a wider space. Let me suppose a case which seems to be a fair parallel. On my estate I have a plantation of young trees. Instead of spreading them out so that they all have room to grow, my gardener huddles a number of them together in too narrow an area, in order that he may have some spare ground, which he turns into grazing land on which he pastures his own sheep. Then he comes to me and says that there are several parts of my estate where the plantations are

far too thick and where it is impossible for the trees to grow. He summons in a forester and quotes his authority as to the impossibility of trees growing healthy and flourishing in such narrow limits, and he proposes to me to thin the plantations and hand over the young trees to the owner of a neighboring estate, where there is room enough and to spare. If I venture to hint that there is plenty of unoccupied ground on my own estate, he quietly answers, Yes, sir, but in that case where am I to pasture my sheep?

Now this is exactly the way in which Ireland has been treated by the intrust occupants on her soil. By their own unjust or cruel action in time past they have brought about this crowding in various limited districts, and now they want to see a country, of which the population is not half of what it ought to be, still further thinned by an emigration which we may almost call compulsory. Benevolent visitors witness the overcrowding and consequent misery and starvation in these limited districts, and set themselves to work to facilitate the work of thinning. Off goes the healthy young tree across the Atlantic to our neighbor's estate, and is lost to us for ever. How can any lover of his country see it shipped off without a sigh? How can any one who remembers

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how, in this place and in that, a flourishing community occupied the ground where now remain only a few shanties, check a feeling of sorrow and regret at its most unnecessary depopulation? Or how can any one, of whatever nation, race, or religion he be, read the history of Ireland without a feeling of hot, burning indignation at the murders, butcheries, persecutions, inhuman cruelties and barbarous massacres by which a nation which called itself Christian sought in vain to exterminate, and succeeded in scattering over the face of the earth, the Irish race?

The Irish, whatever their faults, have a proud pre-eminence above all other nations in the unshaken constancy of their faith amid a crushing persecution, unparalleled in any other country in the world. England cowardly gave up her faith at the nod of a swinish voluptuary; France was corrupted by pleasure and the unbelief which springs from pleasure; Italy sits by unmoved and sees the Vicar of Christ dishonored; Germany has preferred Cæsar to God; but Ireland has passed through a fire more cruel than any of the rest, and none of its tortures have wrested from her a denial of her Lord, or shaken her allegiance to His Vicar.

When I look at this fact, I feel sure that for

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such a nation, as a nation, God has a rich reward ; when I consider the present condition and the prospects of the Irish race, I find in the natural order a confirmation of my surmises.

CHAPTER IV.

STARVATION SCENES AT RATHLACKEN.—THE VILLAGERS FORCED TO LIVE ON SEAWEED.—DESTITUTION IN ENGLAND AND IN IRELAND COMPARED.—MISERY IN IRELAND NOT THE FAULT OF THE PEOPLE.—HATRED TOWARDS ENGLAND.—GROWING STRENGTH OF IRELAND.—IRISH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.—MR. PARNELL THE MOUTH-PIECE OF YOUNG IRELAND.—HIS INCREASING POWER IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.—HIS CLAIMS ON IRISH GRATITUDE.—ENGLISH IMMORALITY AND THE DEGENERACY OF THE RACE.—CONTRAST BETWEEN IRISH MORALITY AND ENGLISH IMMORALITY.—IRELAND WAKING TO A NEW LIFE.—COMING DANGERS TO ENGLAND.—THE POLICY OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—THE POLICY OF CONCESSION.—HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.—CONCLUSION.

LACKEN or Rathlacken on the coast of Sligo, not far from Killala, is a sort of typical village, presenting in not a few particulars and in a marked degree the characteristic features of the villages scattered around the north-western and western coasts of Ireland. Once a flourishing community of some 1400 families, it has now dwindled down to less than a third of its former population. Once the busy scene of successful fisheries and an agriculture as successful as its poor soil and exposed position

would allow, now the sea and the soil seem alike to grudge their produce to the struggling villagers, who barely manage to subsist even in average seasons on their double labor as toilers on the deep and tillers of the soil. Here, as in so many Irish villages, the depressing effects of multiform calamity seem to have beaten the heart out of the scanty remnant of the former inhabitants. Far removed from any centre, and compelled to look to their own internal resources rather than to external means of development, they jogged on merrily enough in more populous and prosperous days. When the little fleet of boats came back heavily laden during the fishing season, the failure of the crops was not so crushing a calamity; when the harvest was a good one, they were not ruined if the herring and the mackerel refused to approach their shores. If some boats caught nothing, the rest were ready to help; if oats failed, the potatoes stood them in good stead; if sometimes there was a general dearth of produce, yet at the neighboring town it was well known that another year would enable them to make good the deficit.

But since the famine years there has been a gradual decline. Hundreds have been compelled to emigrate, a few died of sheer starvation, many more of the famine fever that was

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the result of insufficient nourishment during those long months. Now the dismantled cottages and desolate ruins give to the little village a depressing effect, as one thinks of the smiling aspect now changed to gloom and sadness. But if the external aspect is a depressing one, a glance into the interiors of the cottages which are still inhabited is more depressing still. Almost everywhere cheerless, hopeless, irremediable destitution. Hunger stamped on the faces of women and children, strong men robbed of their energy and strength by sheer want. Here it was that a few days before my visit a poor man died simply from want of food. He had been ill some days, and at length the priest was summoned, and at first could not discover the cause of his mysterious ailment, till at last out came the melancholy truth. "The truth is, your Reverence, that I've not had a mouthful of food for four days." The priest gave what he could, and the relieving officer was summoned; but a day or two passed before that functionary paid his visit to the starving family. When he came, he told them he could do nothing without a doctor's certificate, and so another day passed. When at last the relief came, it was too late, and the poor sufferer sank and died from no other cause than sheer starvation. I visited his cottage

myself, and his poor wife looked as if it would not be long before she would travel the same road as her husband. A short time after my visit to the place a question was asked in Parliament as to the facts of the case, but of course there was the usual official answer that the relieving officer attended to the case as soon as his other duties allowed of his doing so, and that he was in no way responsible for the unfortunate incident, or something to the same effect.

When I was at Lacken the staple diet of the village was seaweed. Three different kinds of seaweed are gathered on the coast, called *slouk*, *dillisk*, and *crannagh* respectively, all of which are more or less edible. *Slouk* is, I believe, identical with what in England goes by the name of *laver*, and is reckoned a dainty when handed round with the *pièce de résistance* of a dinner-table. It tastes something like spinach, and has similar constituent elements. *Dillisk* is like a rather coarse kind of cabbage, is less nutritious, but still is fairly wholesome, though quite unfit to constitute a meal. *Crannagh* is simply unsuitable for human food. In several cottages the pot, swinging over the smouldering peat, contained either dillisk or crannagh. It was all that many a family of starving children had to look to for their mid-day meal.

Here and there I found a second article of diet. Every one knows the common limpet, which mischievous boys seek to surprise when slightly loosened from its grip upon the rock, but which if it has but a moment's warning clings so tight that it is only by crushing its hard shell that it can be moved. Probably none of my readers have ever thought of the common limpet as edible. For the first time in my life I found human beings feeding upon limpets. They were cut or torn out of their shells and thrust into the red-hot embers for a moment, and then eaten after the fashion of the cockles and periwinkles of London street stalls. I made an attempt to swallow one or two of the more delicate specimens, but all in vain. Imagine a piece of leather roasted in the fire, or of that impenetrable substance which sometimes clings by way of contrast to the delicate sweetbread, and you will have some idea of the nature of the limpet. I cannot fancy the most powerful digestion able to assimilate them, and even those who were compelled to resort to limpets only chose the lesser of two evils—food unfit for man, rather than no food at all.

In Lacken I think the poverty was more universal than even at Loughglin. The poor villagers had lost all heart, and the good priest who took us round must have had a weary and saddening

time of it. What was the cause of the misery? The proximate and immediate cause was the failure of crops and fisheries, but the ultimate cause was to be sought in the history of Ireland, in the method in which she has been governed, in the crushing effect of ruined commerce, and fisheries destroyed in the interest of strangers, in the occupants thrust in to possess her soil, and in the policy of government by force.

But Lacken suggests another point often forgotten in considering the question of Irish destitution. I have sometimes heard it said that after all there is poverty in England quite as bad as the poverty in the west of Ireland; that in the poor quarters of London may be found, if only we know where to look for it, the same sad sight of children crying in vain for bread, of means of support utterly failing, of starvation diet endured, and often endured uncomplainingly, for days and weeks. I have been reminded, moreover, that in the manufacturing districts a sudden depression of trade has the same results, and that even at the present moment there are towns in Yorkshire where there is misery quite as hopeless as Western Ireland has lately witnessed. "Why then," I am asked, "do you want to enlist our sympathies in behalf of distressed Ireland, when

distressed England cries out for help, and has a greater claim on us?"

This question deserves an answer, and I hope the indulgent reader will forgive a short digression that I may reply to it. I allow that there is in England plenty of want and misery. Here and there it may be starvation, or an approach to starvation; children ill-fed, women deprived of the necessaries of life, men unable to support those dependent on them. But there are several essential points of difference which destroy all parallel between the two cases. In England, so far as my own experience goes, anything like chronic or oft-recurring destitution may invariably be traced to vice or recklessness. In the towns of England there is, in ordinary times and under normal circumstances, bread enough and to spare, work enough and to spare, for all. If wife and children are left to starve, it is because the greater part of the wages have been spent by the drunken husband at the public house, or because there has been such reckless extravagance in times of prosperity that a time of adversity (and such times must occasionally come) finds them utterly unprovided for. In Ireland the case is completely different, except in some of the large towns. In Dublin I have been told by one who knew the city well, that there

would be little or no poverty but for the drink, and in one or two other of the large provincial towns the same may be the case. If I had been comparing town with town I might have found similar poverty in the two countries traceable to similar causes. In Ireland and in England alike the misery of the towns might be avoided. In Irish and English towns alike a little investigation would, I have no doubt, have shown that it was the folly or vice of father or mother which was for the most part responsible for the poverty and destitution of themselves and their children.

I refer here to chronic and oft-recurring want, not to the occasional times of dearth produced by extraordinary circumstances. In every country some unexpected cause may involve the poor in sudden want. For instance, the distress in Lancashire in 1861-2 was the effect of the American War. It lasted a comparatively short time, and was recognized by the country as exceptional and as calling for exceptional relief. When once the fact was known that thousands of operatives were starving, contributions flowed in most abundantly, and the temporary and inevitable hardship endured by the poor operatives were soon over. It is the same from time to time, and must always be the same,

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wherever a large number of hands are employed in an industry liable to be interfered with by war, or by the popular taste, or by the activity of some competing rival in trade.

In addition to this, there will always be found in every country and under all circumstances cases of individual misfortune which are very pitiable. In the most prosperous times and in the wealthiest cities, a death from starvation may occur here and there, in spite of a thousand charitable persons ready to help the sufferer if only they had heard of his case. He is proud, and does not like to expose his utter destitution to strangers, or he has lost all heart, or it may be that sickness has deprived him of the power of asking for help at all, and he is left to die alone, with none to console him or minister to his wants.

We must therefore exclude the self-caused misery of dwellers in large towns, and the occasional and exceptional misery resulting from some public calamity, as well as the individual instances occurring here and there. The misery which I am describing in Ireland, and with which alone I am concerned, is the misery of dwellers in the country, persons honest, sober, respectable, industrious. It is the misery on the verge of which they always live in spite of all their efforts, and into which they are

plunged whenever the yield of earth or sea falls below the average. It is the misery which results from their surrounding circumstances, not from themselves. It is the misery not of an individual here and there, but of a large portion of the community. It is the misery which results from injustice, either in the past or in the present, from a system of government by repression, from the neglect or cruelty of those who have forgotten that, in every position of trust or authority, the good ruler rules for the interest of the ruled, and with a keen sense of the duty he owes them, of the mercy, gentleness, compassion, not to mention the justice he is bound to exercise towards them.

The comparison, therefore, lies between English villages and hamlets, and Irish villages and hamlets. If the former are contented, happy, prosperous, how is it that the latter are in certain districts of Ireland discontented, miserable, destitute, not once and again, not here and there, not in consequence of their own ill-doing, but as the result of crushing disadvantages and conditions of existence which are found to be practically impossible? If here and there we heard of cases of apparent oppression and cruelty we might reasonably say that the individual sufferer might be in

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fault, and that the severity exercised was probably only just. But when not an individual here and there, but the great bulk of the population of a district are in destitution or distress, when there are famishing by the roadside not one or two evildoers among the tenants, but scores of men, women, and children driven forth by the angry fiat of the landlord, when loud in their protest against the wrongs inflicted upon the people are not demagogue or socialist seeking to stir up strife, but the messengers of peace, the friends of order, the obedient subjects of lawful authority, priests and nuns and monks and bishops, when the visitor who has no interest on either side, almost always returns home full of indignant sympathy for the people's wrongs and the people's sufferings—then indeed it is time to probe the wound and seek for permanent remedy of so wide-spread a malady.

But is not the cause too deeply rooted to afford any hope of a remedy? Is there any chance of prosperous days for Ireland? of peace and prosperity where gloom and sullen discontent now prevail, breaking out here and there in crimes of violence and the curse of secret societies? What are we to look for in the future? Will there ever be harmony or love between Celt and Saxon? I must not bring

these articles to a close without some attempt to solve the perplexing problem.

Professor Baldwin, in his evidence before the Richmond Commission, says unhesitatingly, that never was the ill-feeling towards England stronger in Ireland than at present. In America it is far stronger still among the Irish and their descendants. It has entered on a new phase of late. It is no longer the hopeless feeling of a slave who perforce submits. It is no longer the reluctant dependance on one whom we respect for his omnipotence over us. There is a great alteration in the tone in which Irish newspapers and Irish patriots write of England. Education has done much to bring about this change. The very concessions made to Ireland have done still more. But the enormous growth of the Celtic race in America and other countries is perhaps the largest contributing element. A new Ireland has sprung up beyond the Atlantic. The little island which lies in ominous proximity to England's shores is no longer the chief dwelling-place of the Irish race. Their hearts ever remain there, it is true, but they themselves carry their country and their faith with them into other lands, and Erin breathes freely amid the free institutions of the New World. Each emigrant ship which carries away the

peasants swept from the estates where they had lived for centuries, to make room for cattle or the more remunerative grazing-lands, adds to the strength of New Ireland. Every act of oppression or cruelty at home has not only strengthened her hands but has added to her ever-increasing and ever-multiplying army of recruits. While the whole population of the States has increased 190 per cent. within the last forty years, the Catholic population, who are for the most part Irish, have increased to the astonishing rate of 810 per cent.*

* I believe these statistics represent very imperfectly the rapidity of the growth of the Irish population in America. As there is no religious census, the only means of estimating the comparative increase in the different forms of belief is by the number of sittings at their respective places of worship. Now as in the Catholic churches there are four or five Masses, all of them for the most part crowded, the number of worshippers would be at these churches four or five times as many as in a Protestant church of the same size where there is only one service. This estimate would, however, be modified by the fact that attendance at the services of their religion is not regarded as of obligation by average Protestants. Another disconcerting element is the large German Catholic population existing side by side with the Irish. They certainly have not increased at the same rate, and have not at all the same political prominence at the present time. Their emigration is a healthy and natural emigration. They carry with them a deep-rooted love of their dear fatherland, but their tendency is in the course of two or three generations to lose sight of home

Since 1880 I am told that the increase has been more rapid still. The close, compact organization existing among them adds not a little to their numerical strength, and every year they are a more important element in the political world. Men like Goldwin Smith, who have watched the increase of their power while resident in America, cannot close their eyes to what they consider the serious danger of the Irish being ere long the dominant race there, and in consequence of this, of the Catholic Church being the dominant religion. Wiser in his generation than those who, ostrich-like, think to get rid of their enemies by putting them at a distance of ten days' journey out of sight in Central America and Canada, he protests loudly against sending any more Irish to the States, and clearly looks forward to the coming struggle between Celt and Saxon, between the Catholic faith and the Protestant denial of faith. He proposes to send the hated Irish to the more distant and wilder climes of South America, in the fond hope that like the Spaniards of old they will be absorbed and disappear there. He recognizes what less intelligent Englishmen fail to

interests and home politics, and here they afford a striking contrast to the American Irish.

see, that there is arising in the West a cloud, and no longer a little cloud, brooding mischief to English dominion and Protestant ascendancy.

Encouraged by this consciousness of a growing power in the States ready to support them, and emboldened, moreover, by their own successes, the Irish have of late met the English face to face in a way never attempted before. They are beginning to awake to a consciousness of power. They are looking out for signs of weakness in their foe. They are furbishing their armor and preparing for the fray, and engaging in preliminary skirmishes. It is this dawning sense of strength, this glimpse of success drawing nigh in the struggle which they regarded as a hopeless one, that has made them fasten with the quick intelligent instinct of those who have an object to gain and intend to gain it, upon their present leader, and as friends and foes alike must confess, their most successful leader in the House of Commons. When there is a great need felt, when a great movement is developing itself, there always arises, by some curious law of nature, an individual who becomes great because he is leader and representative of the predominant idea. Men are great who represent in an intense degree the spirit of their age. The cause they

advance, whether good or bad, has begotten them. While they seem to have given to it consistency and form, they are really its offspring. Cromwell was the offspring of proud, obstinate, self-deceiving fanaticism; St. Francis of Assisi was the offspring of the Catholic spirit of poverty, rising in protest against the luxurious worldliness of his day. Luther and St. Ignatius were the respective offspring of the opposing currents of independence and a love of submission which fought for mastery in the sixteenth century. Napoleon was the offspring of the eager thirst for glory, the unquiet, restless spirit of conquest which was consuming the hearts of the French of his day.

We do not pretend that in the first rank of these leaders of men is to be found he who has become Ireland's chosen champion and idol. In one most important respect he fails to represent her. He is an alien to her faith, and has committed some political errors on account of his inability to sympathize with the Catholic hatred of revolution and disobedience to the just claims of authority. But he represents, as no other living men do, the prevailing temper of Ireland. He is the spokesman of young Ireland, quick with growing hope and, I fear I must add, growing defiance. He alone, since the days of O'Connell, has ventured to come

forward and boldly throw down the gauntlet in the face of English dominion. He alone has dared to browbeat the English Ministry in the great English Parliament. He alone has gathered his party around him and simply bid defiance to the files of English statesmen who set their faces against him across the floor of the House of Commons. Educated in England and intimately acquainted with English feeling, an English gentleman in that which gives weight and influence in an English assembly, always cool, always calm, always courteous, he fights Englishmen with their own weapons, and hides a fiery temper and an indomitable will under an imperturbable exterior. I am not in this estimate of the cause of Mr. Parnell's wonderful success expressing merely my own opinion. I am but repeating what I have gathered from Irishmen who have watched events from a position of vantage. They have told me, and I do not fail to recognize it as true, that in the present temper of Irishmen, the delicious sight of their leader encountering with repeated success those whom they had hitherto regarded as beyond the reach of their weapons was simply irresistible. It filled them with an intoxicating joy, which, if I may be forgiven for mixing my metaphors, completely carried them off their feet.

It is my object in these pages to put before my readers, as far as I can, the Irish view of Irish affairs, in order that Englishmen may see that what seems to them so inexplicable is a very simple matter indeed, and that the admiration felt all over Ireland for Mr. Parnell, and the large sums of money contributed to his testimonial, are but the necessary resultant of existing circumstances. Is it not human nature to idolize the successful champion of our wrongs, and to testify our admiration by some solid and tangible mark of our devotion?

Just as we may fancy those who are groaning under a sense of wrong and oppression, watch from a distance the struggle between a little patient band of warriors and the squadrons of the power whom they hate, so the whole Irish nation watches the struggle between the Irish members in Parliament and the English legislature. For centuries the foreign foe has trampled on them at her will; even now she seems to have them completely in her power. For long the struggle appears a hopeless one, when all at once a champion rushes forward with his knot of devoted followers, and the tide of battle turns. What joy in the hearts of those who have long looked for deliverance! See, he braves the foe! he wounds their leaders! he forces them

to give way first here, then there! undaunted he charges their solid phalanx. Beaten back again and again, he never falters, and relays of his little band compel their enemy to watch all the night long, and weary them out by every possible method of warfare. Can we wonder that men, women, and children are ready to worship this their champion? that they leap for joy as the tidings reaches them of his doughty feats of arms, that they exaggerate his virtues and overlook his defects, that their grateful hearts cannot rest satisfied till they have borne witness to their gratitude by some solid mark of their devotion?

I have been told a hundred times, and perplexed Catholics have asked in print why Ireland needs help for her distressed poor while she can lavish thousands on an individual who wants them not. At first it seems strange and unreasonable, but it is really the most natural thing in the world. The relief to the starving peasantry of Donegal and Mayo is a matter not of justice but of charity to him whose home is in Wexford or in Dublin. Even as a matter of charity he gives reluctantly, if he gives at all. His prevailing idea (whether correct or incorrect matters not) is that the starvation is the consequence of cruel laws and bad landlords, and that it is the ruling power and

the dominant class who are responsible for the disease, and who therefore should provide the remedy. On the other hand, he has long watched with overflowing gratitude a man who has devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, who has identified himself with the cause dear to him above life itself, who has sacrificed ease and comfort to fight the battle of which he, the farmer of Wexford and Tipperary, is already beginning to reap the fruits. If Wolseley (so argues the Irish farmer) was to have a peerage because he drove the poor Egyptians scampering before his disciplined troops, and Seymour because the shot and shell played havoc with the forts and town of Alexandria, surely something was due to one who had led a forlorn hope to victory, not during one brief campaign of a few days, but in battles repeated every day, and amid all sorts of labor, obloquy, and disappointment. It is a matter of justice in his eyes that Mr. Parnell should be rewarded. Even apart from any except a commercial view of the case, it was but fair that he should receive some little portion of the spoils won from the English possessors of the soils. He had been the advocate of the nation, and it is right just that the advocate should have his fees, and that the zeal and power of his advocacy should have a substantial and solid re-

ward. Just as the owner of an ancient manor who has been engaged in a long suit with one whom he regards as an intruder and a tyrant, who has thrust him out of what is his own, considers himself as bound to bestow a handsome reward on the pleader whose energy and eloquence has won back for him some little portion of his ancient rights, and postpones to the payment of his advocate the claims of poor relations and hungry dependents who are clamoring at the gate for bread, so the people of Ireland considered themselves bound to subscribe a handsome acknowledgment of the services of their Parliamentary advocate, even though the poor cotters of Western Ireland may be starving.

Add to this that he has a claim, passing in Irish eyes the claims of justice. He has been kind to Ireland! He has identified himself with her wrongs! He has made her sorrows his own! He has bid defiance to the opposing ranks at Westminster, and battled night and day, and all for Erin's sake! The one idea of his life for the last half dozen years has been Justice to Ireland! And what is more, for Erin he has suffered. The ironbound doors of Kilmainham Gaol have closed on him for Erin's sake! He has been counted as a criminal for Erin's sake! He has forfeited his personal

freedom, his personal comforts, his personal activity, for Erin's sake! When men wonder how Ireland in her poverty can furnish so generous an acknowledgment of all that he has done for her, they forget how the warm Celtic heart goes forth with enthusiastic gratitude to all who show kindness to their country. They forget, too, the almost reckless liberality of the Irish nature. The art of giving is practised in Ireland in a mannner quite startling to the calculating mind of the Englishman. No one can travel in Ireland without being struck by it. It pervades every class, from the highest to the lowest. It shows itself in their unbounded hospitality. How many a family has been beggared by the too generous entertainment offered to some noble visitor? by the inability to refuse to the stranger the gift they could ill afford? They are equally ready to give or to receive. I was intensely amused by the proposal made to me, half in fun, by a curate in Mayo, who was taking me round some of the poorest parts of his district, that I should tell the cotters that I was an English Priest coming round on the quest for my own poor parish at home. "It will prevent them from thinking, as they very possibly may, that you are sent round by the Government to distribute relief, and I have no doubt some of

them would find a trifle to give you, poor as they are." I did not make trial of their generosity, but I am certain that if I had they would have found something for me, at least a drop of "potheen" to console me on my apostolic mission.

I have wandered a little from the question which I proposed to myself in the early part of this article—Whether there is a proximate hope of peace and prosperity for Ireland? I return to it with some reluctance, because I fear I must answer it in the negative. Ultimately I am convinced that Ireland will enjoy the reward of her long sufferings and of her unbroken loyalty to Truth. God rewards nations as such in this world, and it seems to me almost a certainty that the time will come when Erin will wear the crown to which she is entitled by her heroic devotion to the cause of God. Nor does it need any dragging in of the supernatural to foresee this. Apart from any but purely natural causes, she must in the end prevail. The Celtic race cannot fail to outrun the Anglo-Saxon ere many centuries have run their course. They will do so by the very force of numbers. The average of grown children in an Irish family is five, that in an English about three. Allowing thirty years for a generation, it follows that in a hundred

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years the descendants of an Irish family will be three times more numerous than those who spring of English parentage. I am not concerned with the causes of this difference: chiefly, I imagine, it is owing to race, food, and climate. But one difference there is which tends more and more to tell in favor of the Irish, and that is their superior morality. The vice which is so unhappily common both in England and in Protestant America, not only tends to degenerate the Anglo-Saxon race, but actually to reduce its numbers. The dislike to large families which is prevalent at present in the upper class in England, necessarily diminishes the population. Other forms of evil, if they do not materially affect the numbers, at least undermine alike the physical and moral strength of the nation. All yielding to passion weakens the will and renders it less submissive to reason, and therefore less able to exercise the self-control necessary to success in life. Modern luxury, and the life of big cities must needs enfeeble modern England. Add to this that in point of quick intelligence the Celt is decidedly the superior of the Saxon, and though this intelligence has been long kept in check by the restrictions on education in Ireland, and especially by the curse of Protestant ascendancy, yet it is now under recent

measures rapidly developing itself. In other moral qualities he is at least fairly his match. Ireland has therefore this security for her success in the not very distant future, that the Irish race throughout the world are rapidly gaining on the English. In America their superior power of organization is confessed even by their greatest enemies, and the Irish vote is becoming every day more important in American politics. Even in England they are awaking to the conviction that in at least a score of Parliamentary boroughs the Irish vote might determine the Election.

It is indeed a curious phenomenon of the modern world that the despised Irishman, who has been long regarded by Englishmen as born to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, should now threaten to outrun ere long his masters. In England we console ourselves with the reflection that English supremacy will at least outlive our own day, and that our posterity must look out for themselves. But even within the lifetime of many of my readers the position and prospects of Ireland will be not a little changed, if we may judge of the future from the past and present. "Dynamite scares" are important, not in themselves, but as the presage of dangers to come. They are the puffs of wind which the experienced sailor

knows to be the forerunners of the storm. They are the expression of an inextinguishable hate which is but waiting and watching for its opportunity. English Ministers point to the present calm which prevails in Ireland as an argument in favor of their policy of repression, but it is the calm which forebodes the hurricane. It is the cessation of fevered restlessness which betokens, not the restoration to health, but the outbreak of a fiercer malady. Agitation in Ireland has probably only just begun. The words of the Irish Members do but faintly echo the feelings of the nation when, emboldened by success, they openly declare that "the sooner it recognized the better that a state of war exists between England and Ireland," and that "the people would break out into open insurrection if the people had the power." Take, for instance, Mr. Healy's speech in the House of Commons on the famous "Sunday sitting" on the 18th of August. He is a fair representative of Young Ireland and as such necessarily carries weight. Englishmen would do well to remember that his words were no mere vamping of angry declamation when he spoke as follows:

This was a quarrel for life or death. This was the struggle of the Irish people fought out in this House as their fathers fought it out under different circum-

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stances ; and it was supposed that they could impart into the proceedings of that House all the refinements and mildness of language which might be expected in a discussion on the details of the London Water Bill. They were fighting for men's lives, for their liberties, their homes, and their families, and were they to be shaken by no emotions ? The English did not understand the position in Ireland. It was as much war between the two countries as ever (Irish cheers). They were the exponents of the state of feeling which exists in Ireland. You could not expect from them in this House to do anything but give expression to the feelings which inspire hatred and contempt for the Government of the great mass of the people in Ireland. . . . The sooner the fact was recognized the better (Irish cheers). The sooner it was recognized the better that a state of war existed between England and Ireland (Irish cheers). It was not physical, because the people could not give their feelings physical effect, but it would be physical if the people of Ireland could carry out that war (Irish cheers). If not, then, why keep thousands of armed soldiers and police garrisoning the country ? (hear, hear). He merely stated the state of feeling in Ireland was such that the people would break out in open insurrection if the people had the power, and why was it surprising that the representatives which these people sent there, in so far as language was concerned, should break out in insurrection when they find the manner in which the wrongs and grievances of their country were being dealt with ? (Irish cheers).

But if we would know the true character of Irish feeling towards England, we must look across the Atlantic and listen to the words of

Irishmen when free to speak of England as they please. English readers would stand aghast if they were to peruse the columns of some of the most widely-spread papers of the States. It is not the wild declamation of a few revolutionaries or demagogues, it is the expression of the calm, deliberate opinion of those citizens of America who are Irish-born or of Irish descent. It is not to be found only in godless newspapers, but in many of those which are distinctly religious. Side by side we find a sermon by Cardinal Manning or Father Burke, and tirades of abuse against England, breathing a bitterness of hate which I could not have believed had I not read them with my own eyes. I need not tell my readers that I read them with the utmost pain and sorrow, and with pain and sorrow I record the fact of their utter alienation from England and all things English.* I

* I take up by chance recent numbers of two newspapers which vie with each other for the largest circulation of any weekly newspaper in the States. Among the leading articles of one of the two I find an article on England's policy of depopulation, in which the following passage occurs: "England in former times acted like a bold, open-handed robber, while to-day she plays the ignoble part of poltroon and sneak-thief, making believe to be piously extending the blessings of civilization the world over, while at the same time she stealthily puts her hands into the pockets of the poorest among her people, and, finding nothing

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wish I could regard it, as some Englishmen do as merely the noisy, filibustering language of a few professional agitators, of O'Donovan Rossa and the Dynamite party. I wish I could regard it as mere empty words which will be lost in air, and will never lead to corresponding acts. I wish I could believe that it sobers down as time goes on, and the children and children's children of the emigrant grow up to manhood. I wish I could think that the tone of hostility is mitigating, and that recent emigrants leave Erin's shores with a kindlier feeling than of old. But it is not so. Benevolent organizations may

there, she plausibly sends them outcasts on the world, in order to fill her coffers with the profits to be derived from the land of which she treacherously deprived them." The second discusses the declaration of the Irish Bishops on Emigration, and ends the article respecting it as follows : "England has no excuse, in the face of this dignified protest, for continuing the senseless and barbarous policy of expelling a people from their homes. The world holds her to account for the atrocious action. The folly and crime of it may not be realized by her until she shall have been confronted, more sternly than she has ever yet been confronted, by the wronged exiles and sons of exiles in every quarter of the New World. Not even to hasten that day of retribution would we wish England success in her suicidal policy. The expulsion of a nation is too heavy a price to pay even for a people's vengeance. Not vengeance but justice is what Ireland seeks. No nation has suffered so much or forgiven so freely. The day of suffering must end, or that of forgiving shall never come again,"

have sent them forth. They may have enjoyed the advantages of a Government emigration grant. They may have exchanged misery and destitution at home for comfort and prosperity elsewhere. They may have risen to a position where their interests would in the ordinary course of things be with the governing class rather than with the governed. But all this changes them not. So far from being grateful to the country which sent them forth, they regard their emigration as a forced exile imposed upon them directly or indirectly by English tyranny. If in their own breasts the feeling of hatred to the English Government burns fiercely, they transmit it with increased rather than diminished violence to their descendants. Every fresh emigrant adds to it, and by adding to it adds to the danger which threatens England in the not very distant future. When the Irish Bishops protest against emigration as the chief means to be relied upon for the relief of Irish destitution, they are pleading a cause, to which, if for no other reason, England should listen from mere motives of self-interest. What policy more fatal to the Empire as an Empire than to foster with the money of the Empire a hot-bed of fierce hostility to England's dominion and England's sway, to increase at the country's expense the

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number of her irreconcilable enemies, and to place them where they can attack her unrestrained, now indeed with the weapons of tongue and pen, but with these only as the prelude to more effective weapons which they intend to employ against her as soon as some important war leaves her less able to repel their attack, or some other circumstance strengthening their own hands or weakening those of their foe gives them a chance of success in their long-nursed projects of vengeance.

But any such design can only succeed, as far as Ireland herself is concerned, as long as the country is disturbed and unquiet, dissatisfied with her present condition and the method of her government, convinced that she is oppressed and downtrodden, with little to lose and much to gain from the violent disrapture of the social order which results from civil strife. It is Ireland governed by force, Ireland subjected to a policy of coercion, Ireland crushed down by Protestant ascendancy, Ireland in the hands of absentee landlords, Ireland turned into a large grazing farm, Ireland denuded of the small farmers and those who have an interest in the soil, who will court the opportunity of joining with those who make it their mission to deliver her from her oppressor. If that political union between the two coun-

tries, which the intelligent Nationalist knows as well as the strongest enemy of Home Rule to be necessary for the welfare of both countries, is to be retained, England must seek to make Ireland contented and happy. She must make it to be clearly to the interests of the majority of the inhabitants of Ireland that the state of strife between the two countries should, come to an end. She must consult the people of Ireland and their chosen leaders, clerical and lay, not the miserable minority of Protestants, the class now dominant. She must cease to govern the country from a distance by means of those who are aliens in sentiment, in sympathy, in race, in religion, from those they govern.

In spite of the greatest goodwill, it is quite impossible for any one connected with the English Government to win over or satisfy, under present circumstances, the Irish people. We cannot expect it for years to come, even if it comes at all. England has a long roll of misdeeds in the past to undo, perhaps to expiate. It is only little by little that the change can be wrought. She must continue for long years a generous policy of prudent concessions. She must, at whatever sacrifice to herself, give to the people of Ireland the possession of their own land, so that it may be to the interest of the great mass of the nation that peace and

tranquillity should prevail. She must, as far as is possible without injustice to the owners of the soil, provide at her own expense and by a wise outlay of Imperial funds, a home for Irishmen in their own land, and not beyond the Atlantic. In Ireland itself there is good land enough and to spare to furnish a sufficient inheritance for more than double the present population. I am no politician, and it is not for me to enter into matters of detail, but this at least I may say, that I find those who know Ireland best, the most intelligent and best informed of her politicians, the pastors who have her truest interest at heart, the skilled and scientific agriculturists who have spent their life in a practical study of the question, all declare it to be perfectly feasible to hand over gradually and by degrees, without violence and without wrong to those who are at present in possession, such a portion of the soil of Ireland to the true children of the soil as would establish a happy and contented peasantry. Other changes would of course be necessary; but I believe that all others would follow naturally on this, and that the infallible result of such a measure as this would be that amount of self-government which is indispensable to the prosperity of any country.

It is no sudden change, no violent measure that I advocate, it is the quiet, peaceful develop-

ment and extension of what has already been inaugurated by the English Government during the present Session. The liberation of Ireland from her present miseries may in the end be brought about by means of emigration, but it will be a process of violence and force, which cannot fail to carry with it a thousand evils and a long scene of civil strife. If she is to be freed peaceably and happily from her career of suffering, it can only be by England's willing concession to her of the freedom she herself enjoys, by generous effort to wipe out the cruel injustice of the past, and to restore to poor oppressed Erin, as far as is possible, the lands that were confiscated and handed over to strangers, the religion that was persecuted to the death for centuries, the liberty which has been stamped under foot by those who took possession of her soil. Not only for Ireland's sake, but for the sake of England too, I heartily pray that the desire to do justice to Ireland, which I am sure is daily growing stronger among intelligent and educated Englishmen, may, before it is too late, become the sentiment of the whole nation. It is to promote this object that these pages have been written. They will not have been written in vain if they induce at least some of my fellow-countrymen to take henceforward a more kindly view of Irish interests and Irish wrongs.

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